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WHO ARE "THEY"?

WE are by temperament an empirical people, whose habit it is in our political debates to avoid fundamental questions. For once, however, in his rectorial address to Aberdeen University, Sir Stafford Cripps threw an interrogation of this kind at his audience, which he did not answer. The whole passage is worth quoting:

> It is almost commonplace in these days to hear the most confirmed advocates of change expressing the view that "they" will never implement the promise of a new Britain or a new world. Who are these mysterious people referred to as "they," who are apparently looked upon as the veriest broken reed of a hope for the future? "They" is not the language of democracy or even of the class struggle. "They" is the language of dictatorship and defeatism of the common people.

The question is well and vividly put. Assuredly "they" is not the language of democracy. But is "democracy" the appropriate name for the system under which we live? The dictators have baptised it "pluto-democracy." When Hitler assailed it, in its academically perfect form, the Weimar Constitution, the German people let it perish, though less than half of them voted Nazi, because they had lost faith in liberal political democracy. For the more intelligent Germans "they" were the captains of heavy industry, the bankers and the Junkers: for the cruder and sillier half of that nation "they" had come to mean the Jews. What both had come to guess was that in spite of universal suffrage, it was property that ruled. In our country, with a more venerable parliamentary system, the challenge of this fundamental question has been delayed. It cannot be avoided.

Who, then, are "they"? In a summary way we all know the answer. They are the manipulators of public opinion who weave the average man's picture of his world, as a loom weaves tapestry. They are the rich men who buy a seat in the Commons by the simple process of paying their election expenses. They are the magnates and companies who acquire an influence over policy by contributing to the secret party funds. They are the vast concentrations of capital in the steel industry, chemicals, the banks, the F.B.I. and what not, which have latterly been the background out of which our national leaders, a Baldwin or a Chamberlain, emerged. The more it changes, as it does in wartime, the more is it the same thing. We control industry in the national interest, but at the head of all the controls sit the magnates whose study in times of peace is to wring wealth out of scarcity. "They" marry and spend their week-ends with the enfeebled and diluted landed aristocracy. Their younger sons and cousins, drilled in what we call, with our ironical Anglo-Saxon humour, "public schools," form a ruling class which runs the Services and the Empire. With a consummate art of compromise and flattery, perfected through several generations, "they" have learned how to manage democracy.

"But," the reader may object, "is there not a Labour Party?" There was. At its best it was always handicapped by its relative poverty. It could not attract its share of the clever, calculating young men to whom its rivals offered a career. It seemed to repel the technicians. It was overwhelmed in the press and even now has only one daily newspaper. It could never get a footing in rural constituencies, where landowners and capitalist farmers, with their stranglehold over tied cottages and the distribution of employment, dominated the village worker, body and soul. It built up in the towns and mining areas a big and loyal voting strength, which seemed, however, to have little prospect of achieving an absolute majority. If by good luck it could have got a majority, how firm would it have stood when "they" used the press, the Lords' veto and the terrific engine of financial pressure and intimidation to discredit its administration and delay its legislation?

For some years past this Labour Party has seemed to lose sight of the socialist objective its pioneers set for it. Increasingly the Trade Unions dominate it, and some, but by no means all of them, have a somewhat bureaucratic structure. They reply to the wealth of "them" by using their collective funds to get their own nominees returned to the House. It has become difficult to see in this elderly party of Trade Union officials, under a leader who effaces himself, the dynamic instrument of any fundamental change. What prevails in it is the Trade Union outlook—the tactics, that is to say, of men who accept the capitalist system as a permanency, but seek to secure within it, by combination and bargaining, better conditions for the manual workers. "They," with their Anglo-Saxon sagacity, are willing enough to treat with the moderates of Transport House. At the moment, as Sir Walter Citrine has told us, a delegation from the T.U.C. is sitting round a table with representatives of the employers, to work out a post-war plan for British industry. That seems to imply the recognition by both sides of some common principles. Big Business has certainly not abandoned the restrictive policy at which every quasi-monopoly aims—fairly high prices and very high profits based on a limited output. If to some extent it gets its own way as to wages and conditions, is Labour prepared to fit into that pattern?

If the post-war future is planned on these lines, "they" will control all that matters. As before, and even more absolutely than before, "they" will govern our economic life, and in all essentials both the leading parties will, consciously or unconsciously, realise their aims. Parliament will, no doubt, do a little, dodging all the fundamentals, for town and country planning, education, and such neglected trades as catering. But when it comes to the Beveridge Report, what are we to expect? It is popular with the workers: the middle class as a whole approves it: it may conceivably pass pretty much as it stands. But Sir William Beveridge has himself warned us that it rests on two conditions, (1) the maintenance of the national income by high production in industry, and (2) full employment. If these are not realised, the scheme is unworkable and would soon be bankrupt. But does anyone seriously believe that Big Business is going to break with its own past by planning for plenty? And who is going to "control" it into doing what it does not mean to do? "They" have no such intention, and "they" are quite capable of coming to terms with Labour.

When we turn to international affairs, the case is a good deal worse. In this field "they" have good and early information, and the direct interests of limited groups of them prompt them to use their pressure on Departments staffed with their own men. The diffused humanitarian sympathies of the rest of us are no match for "them." We recollect that "they," in the persons of the F.B.I., had negotiated a treaty of commercial alliance with the Nazi "them," which was upset by the march into Prague on the following day. "They" are, if anything, even more powerful under the American democratic façade. The State Department does what "they" would have it do. It smooths the path of the Darlans, the Peyroutons, Otto of Austria, and Franco of Spain, while it cold-shoulders the Soviet Union.

We have tried to answer Sir Stafford's question. Here "they" are and they are not a myth. It is not "defeatism" to recognise their power—qualified though it happily still is among us by a fairly secure system of civil rights and free speech. What is "defeatism" is to rest content with this pluto-democracy. In a few lines it is not easy to sketch a positive policy that might gradually achieve a transfer of power from "them" to "us." Every improvement in education, including adult education, and a more liberal B.B.C., would help, albeit slowly. Our parliamentary system needs drastic reform, and our representative system, with its vast, unwieldy territorial units, is out of date. It ought to start in factories, villages and neighbourhood groups with much smaller units, composed of men and women who habitually work together for a common social end. We can imagine, though we do not expect, a change in the constitutional structure of the Labour Party, which would alter the balance of power within it, in favour of the active men and women in the constituencies who do its work and keep some rays of faith alive. Little can be done in the villages till their workers are delivered from fear by strong Trade Unions and the public ownership of their cottages. Again, we think it essential that some independent organisation, of which Commonwealth may be an embryo, should represent such groups as the technicians, the teachers and the less fashionable doctors, whom "they" at present lure into their following. But an independent Socialist Party of this type would have no future and might merely split the progressive ranks, unless the too jealous Labour Party would co-operate with it. Finally, we want to see a single Socialist International, which means that Transport House must learn to treat German Socialists as equals and comrades, and that Communists must follow an international rather than a purely Russian line of policy. This is not "defeatism," but it may be "wishful thinking"—the name cynics give to faith.

If in some such ways we could create our instrument, how would it set to work to undermine the anti-social power of property—to depose "them"? At the moment and for years to come, the keys lie with the wartime controls. If from the Ministers downwards they are left to the nominees of Big Business, our fate is settled. The old formula of nationalisation may have been too sweeping and too simple: in any case it was a means and not the end. The end is to assure the control of the whole community over our economic life. But control may have to include in key services at least the public ownership of the majority of shares, or the limitation of profits to a modest fixed interest. The real control, if not full public ownership, of land, rural and urban, is essential, and so is the direction of the flow of investment to serve social ends within a plan of development. Finally, we have to face the social problem of large-scale industry. We oppose, and even fight Fascists, because we rightly think the Führer principle a degradation of self-respecting humanity. Yet in our daily lives, nine in ten of us have to work in factories, mines or offices governed on this principle. The owner-manager or director-manager is merely a Führer. The effort to check his arbitrary will by Trade Union methods results in struggle or in an unstable balance of power; but it cannot turn the factory into a true society, where all work for a common end. If we could solve these problems we should come near democracy. While we shirk them, we risk a lapse into Fascism, which overtakes the thoughtless mass when it discovers that political democracy is a disappointment, because "they" run it.

The Russian Victories

With the capture of Kursk and Bielgorod the full dimensions of the masterly plan devised by Stalin and the Russian General Staff for the discomfiture of the enemy's whole Southern Army Group begin to take shape. The first phase was the destruction of the two great salients whose apexes were Stalingrad and Mozdok. The attainment of this objective—complete save for the enemy's retention of an isolated bridgehead covering Krasnodar, Novorossisk and the Taman Peninsula—left Hitler in the dilemma whether to abandon the valuable Donets Basin industrial area and consolidate his defence on a shortened line running due south from Kursk through Kharkov and Lozovaya to Berdyansk on the Sea of Azov, or to endeavour to hold the Donbas at the risk of being crushed into a new and dangerous salient within the bend of the Donets. He appears to have chosen the second course, relying presumably on the ability of the armies based on Kursk and Kharkov to hold the line of the Oskol and thus limit the length of the Donets salient's northern flank. The Russian's reply has been to launch a series of offensives striking westwards on a 200-mile front between the Donets salient and a point just south of Orel. Carrying the line of the Oskol, these offensives have burst through the positions held by the Germans after their original withdrawal last winter and have severed lateral rail communications between Orel and Kharkov. The enemy's remaining north-south line (Bryansk-Lgov-Kharkov-Lozovaya) is threatened both at Lgov and south of Kharkov. If that line be cut, the Russians will have gone far to separate the enemy's Southern Army Group from the Central Group based on Smolensk; and already the northern flank of the Donets salient, where fierce battles of attrition are in progress, has become 200 miles long. The Red Army is showing that the Wehrmacht can be both out-fought and out-generalled.

Industry and Education

The statement on "Industry and Education" issued last week under the auspices of Nuffield College is a document of considerable importance. Signed not only by leading figures in the fields of research, university teaching, and technical education, but also by Trade Unionists and prominent business men from many of the great industries, it is significant in the stress which it lays on industry's need for intelligence in those whom it employs rather than for vocational qualifications in any narrow sense. What these very diverse groups are saying is that neither in our new secondary schools nor in the proposed part-time continuation schools should we set out to train workers for any particular trade or occupation. That should be left until after the school-leaving age; and beyond that age what provision is made for part-time education should be cultural in the main rather than narrowly vocational. Stress is laid on the economic expediency as well as the civic wisdom of arranging for day-time release of young workers with a view to raising their standards of general intelligence; and the signatories also express their hostility to undue speculation in the higher ranges of education, including the Universities. It is an interesting point that the employers who sign this remarkable document come mainly from very big firms—the Gas, Light and Coke Company, the L.M.S., I.C.I., Courtaulds, and so on—and that these firms had recognised the need both for improved facilities for cultural education and for a vast improvement in the organisation of scientific research. How far, we wonder, will this attitude reach the smaller employers, who are still apt to regard research as waste of money, and find much greater difficulty in releasing employees for daytime classes or in providing either training or research facilities inside their own establishments? The small and middle-sized employers threaten to present the real obstacle to closer links between industry and education.

Labour Unity in America

The decision of the Labour groups in the United States—with the exception of John Lewis and his followers—to work together behind a co-ordinated wartime programme has certainly been brought about partly by the evident hostility to trade unionism of the reactionary bloc which now appears to dominate Congress. The new Labour bloc, which includes the Railroad Brotherhoods and the National Farmers' Union, as well as the American Federation of Labour and the C.I.O., is somewhat vaguely constituted at present, and there are evidently many obstacles to be overcome—not least the inveterate hostility of the A.F. of L. leaders to any dealings with the Soviet trade unions. Nevertheless, the formation even of a loose alliance is an important step forward, and one that has been taken none too soon. The reactionary Republicans and Democrats seem likely to join hands in the very near future in a common onslaught on the labour legislation which has given the unions a status and has recognised the rights of collective bargaining; and on this score alone it is plainly necessary for the Labour groups to act together. The fact, however, remains that the A.F. of L. represents in many respects a thoroughly reactionary tendency, and that its restrictive type of unionism has done much to make Labour unpopular with large sections of middle opinion in the United States. Big business is doubtless much more afraid of the C.I.O.; but it can use the restrictiveness of the A.F. of L. unions as a powerful argument to convince the ordinary man that Labour needs keeping firmly in its place. What is to be hoped for is that the new alliance will speedily pass into a closer unity, within which the C.I.O. will shake off some of its inexperience, and the A.F. of L. reform itself on up-to-date lines. That, however, is a great deal to hope.

Catering in the Commons (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

Bevin forced his Catering Bill through its second reading on Tuesday, but he will have a difficult time getting it to the statute book. For the first time the Government has been prepared to fight the Forty Thieves. The voting (283 for; 116 against) was very significant. The Tories split practically even despite the pressure of the Government whips and the Government got its majority from the very large Labour vote of 137 and from Independents and Liberals. Bevin made a powerful speech, but the most significant statement came from his Tory assistant McCorquodale, who appealed to his party to back measures of social reform and remember that Disraeli had cautioned them that "The Tory Party, unless it is a national party, is nothing." He himself warned them that they were doomed if they became a party of the vested interests. The large Tory vote against this mild Bill and the obvious influence exerted by those who lobbied against it do not augur well for the fight on the Beveridge Report.

Party feeling is once more running high. This was shown the previous Wednesday by the attack made on Noel-Baker over a regulation sponsored by his Ministry. In response to criticism from all parts of the House three weeks ago the Government had already agreed that Orders in Council implementing the Emergency Powers Acts should, in future, be introduced one at a time and not en bloc, and should have an explanatory memorandum if necessary. The particular Order Noel-Baker had to defend took powers to set the whole Highway Code on one side to enable the Minister to alter the law on six minor points, such as allowing tractors with steel wheels to travel on the public highway. Objection was rightly taken to this demand and the Minister finally withdrew it. On this occasion, however, Levy, Wakefield, Sir Herbert Williams and Co. took the opportunity of turning a good case for defending the rights of the House of Commons into an attempt to humiliate a Labour Minister. The Labour whips mobilised support for the Government and then had to face the wrath of their own supporters at the abject way in which the Government gave way.

FREEDOM OF THE AIR

IN the belief that this country badly needs a non-party issue round which progressive forces could rally we urged recently that the Beveridge Report should form the immediate focus for political work. The reforms it advocates are themselves valuable and far-reaching. We deliberately chose the Beveridge scheme as an example from "home" affairs over which we exercise control as a State. But, in fact, the border-line between "home" and "foreign" politics is undetermined and shifting. The international ocean steadily encroaches upon the islands of domestic jurisdiction. Even the Beveridge plan bids fair to have international repercussions; Goebbels attacks it, and so does Wall Street; both in their several ways recognising it as a measure tending towards the social conceptions they oppose. And in matters specifically international there is already a considerable amount of cross-party collaboration. The people who believe that world policy conditions every chance of bettering our day-to-day life have long had the habit of meeting each other, even if it is only on different sides of the same controversy. The vast majority of them are progressive in outlook; the exceptions, unfortunately powerful, are the typical diplomat and the typical City merchant.

There are some world problems which are so acute that even the most short-sighted member of the Federation of British Industries ought to be able to see their implications. Among them are the future of shipping and air-power. The United States are fast outbuilding us in merchant ships, and they are not likely to repeat the policy of the last Peace and scrap them when the war ends. How does the report of the Council of British Shipping relate to this? Only by demanding some sort of international regulation of the shipping industry conducted by itself. Without a concerted international planning of world trade, this would be no solution. As to air-power, Wednesday's House of Lords debate revealed that Lord Brabazon's committee has already presented a secret report. In public he has so far taken a thoroughly sane view of the problem. Meantime, from the necessities of war our civil aviation is for all intents and purposes suspended because of the demands of the R.A.F. That is inevitable, but it is also inevitable that the civil aviators will be looking to the future, when they will have to face the competition of other nations which have not been so exclusively absorbed in the combat side of air development, of which, of course, the chief is the United States. We are, in fact, at a disadvantage in civil aviation, compared with countries like the States and Russia, because our small size renders flying inside Britain an affair of short flights. That disadvantage is off-set by imperial flying (as it is for the Dutch, who were among the leading peacetime civilian aeronauts), but trans-oceanic flying is subject to more risks from bad weather than the Continental air-routes. In any case, the pre-war conditions were bedevilled by the idiotic law that the air above each country, up to infinity, belonged to it, and that flying above it was trespass. This is one of the things which we will have to deal with in the peace settlement. But the interest in civil aviation is divided between two parties, both here and in the United States. There are those who see it in terms of competition, in which case we stand a remarkably poor chance. Leading members of the Republican Party are already talking in terms of planning an American commercial world-empire. They have the money; they have the productive plant; they have endless numbers of airminded boys to turn into pilots. Nobody else may compete, and the plans for airlines and aerodromes are already well forward, if the more assured of the American speakers are right. As far as material capacity to establish this air-empire goes, there is nothing to prevent it.

That problem, however, cannot be severed from its twin, the future of military air-power. Nobody, we conceive, is likely after the experience of this war to underrate its importance. And this is where we should be able to get a united and active popular opinion. Those who envisage a future of competition in building rival air-forces must be both fools and pessimists. Let that happen, and a speedy recurrence of world war is a certainty. The opinion of ordinary people, from London to Chungking, will be behind the policy outlined in the American Vice-President's article in the *American Magazine,* in which he proposed the internationalisation of the air. The plan, of course, covered both civil and military aviation. Its scheme was for an international air-police, which should replace the national air-forces as the guardian of the peace. Civil aviation should be organised as an international company, with the main aerodromes under international control. Mr. Wallace pointed out that the great troop-transport planes could be adapted for civilian travel at a reasonably cheap rate, and that the subsidy which the governments would have to pay (for no air-transport can yet be assured of being economically self-supporting within a short period after the war) would be far cheaper than the expense of air-competition. Such a plan is entirely practicable. The experience of the war has shown that it is possible to have an air-force of different nationalities, so long as the men share a common purpose. The French, British, Dutch and Czechs who fly in company in the R.A.F. can fly together in a world air-police. This was perhaps the most serious obstacle which used to be propounded to the abolition of national air-forces. The purely technical problems were long since solved at the League Disarmament Conference.

The development of the plane since then has altered them in degree, but not in kind. That Conference saw two sketches for the internationalisation of civilian flying, rendered necessary by the possibility of using civil planes for troop-transport and bombing. They were not completely worked out, but there is no real difficulty in making a sensible scheme to cover the fusing of air-routes, the control and inspection of aerodromes, and the pooling of research. We should be surprised if our civilian companies could not offer a completely workable scheme. The opposition will come from the stupid—and we wish that we thought less of the power of imbecility in our politics—and from the interests which look to an age of golden orders for ever-increasing numbers of war-planes. That opposition, in the States, takes the form of a personal campaign against Mr. Wallace. The imperialists call him "starry-eyed"—a term of abuse in the States similar to "Utopian" here, and as frequently applied to the practical statesman. There is, in fact, only one purely sentimental point of view about air-power, and that is the opinion that the world should remain the prisoner, under death-sentence, of its own inventions. Sane people must combine to demand the freedom of the air.

GERMAN EDUCATION AND RE-EDUCATION

THE questions raised by Mr. Brailsford in his article in the NEW STATESMAN are important enough to merit further discussion. He rightly criticises many of the ideas and specific proposals concerning the re-education of Germany which have been aired in recent months, but he does not give his views on the positive measures required. After all, something positive and concrete will be necessary: we cannot leave German education entirely alone to look after itself, in the hope that the bad elements will wither away in the atmosphere of defeat, and that a new and excellent system will spring up of its own accord in response to whatever New European Order we impose or encourage.

So far as I can perceive, there are three general principles concerned, from the proper application of which any details will follow. The first is that the present German educational methods are part and parcel of the Nazi system which we are pledged to overthrow root and branch. Accordingly, their liquidation, presumably as one of the conditions of the peace and indeed of the armistice, is as legitimate and desirable as the liquidation of the Nazi Party and the Gestapo, or the disarmament of the country. That is the negative or destructive aspect of the problem. When we come to the positive and constructive side we must accept the principle that it is impossible to indoctrinate democracy or to impose education from without. The former is a contradiction in terms, the latter will produce a contradiction in results, by provoking a reaction against itself. Our third and final principle is perhaps the most important, at any rate as regards its constructive implications. It is that we must no longer look at education merely in national, let alone nationalist, terms. From one angle this means that in the modern world education, like so many other social activities, has ceased to be a matter of purely domestic concern. From another angle it means that there is, properly speaking, no such problem as German re-education. It cannot be considered in isolation, on its own merits; it can only be approached as part of the problem of European education and to a certain degree of world education.

In the light of these principles let us now consider what concrete measures will be needed in the immediate and more remote future. The first step must be to consider the setting up of some international organisation to deal with educational problems. There appears to be general agreement that what is needed is a body on the lines of the International Labour Office. Let us call it the I.E.O.—International Education Office. It is, however, not enough to agree on a name: careful preparation is needed, and should begin as soon as possible. Perhaps as a first step British, American, Chinese, and Russian educationists should be officially invited to prepare a report. In any case, a preparatory commission of a fully international nature, representing the United Nations as a whole, and including both official representatives and non-official members, will be required in the quite near future. It will need to frame recommendations on two levels—the world and the regional; on the regional level, the problem of Europe will need very special consideration.

It would probably be wise for any such body not to be confined in its terms of reference merely to the constitution and functions of the future I.E.O., but to be asked to consider also the educational measures required during the period of military occupation (which will roughly coincide with that of relief in the restricted sense) and the steps needed to bridge the transition from this, through reconstruction, to what we hope will be the definitive peace. Meanwhile, unofficial bodies can continue to play a valuable part in discussing the problem, in creating an informed public opinion, and in providing material for the official Commission.

There is, however, no harm in our trying to think out now some of the implications of our principles. What, for instance, should the United Nations do about German education during the period of military occupation and/or relief? The best method would probably be to appoint a small but strong Commission to deal with the matter, consisting of, say, five members of different nationality. It will have a difficult job steering its way between undue tolerance on the one hand, and self-defeating repression or propaganda on the other. Thus we do not want any vindictive Burning of the Books; but yet it is clear that Nazi textbooks can no more be tolerated than Nazi concentration camps. Some, in certain "neutral" subjects, may perhaps be permitted during an interim period, but by and large they must go. To avoid saddling the Commission with too much invidious responsibility, this condition should be laid down in the armistice terms. The same should be done for the disbanding of the Hitler-Jugend, and the dismissal from teaching and administrative posts of Nazi party members and notorious upholders of Nazi doctrines. The liquidation of all University chairs of mere pseudo-science such as Rassenbiologie should also be insisted on.

We must also remember that during the period of occupation there will inevitably be a strict censorship. If we see to it that this is combined, as in our own Ministry of Information, with positive information services, and insist that it work in close liaison with the Education Commission, the latter's task will be considerably lightened.

These repressive or negative measures, however disagreeable, are necessary, and should not arouse too much resentment or too much reaction in the contrary sense. We should, however, refrain from anything in the nature of a purge of books in general. As Mr. Brailsford pointed out, we shall be much more likely to obtain the results we want by prescribing *Mein Kampf* rather than by proscribing it; by making it a subject for study rather than by demanding its destruction. On the other hand, *Mein Kampf* is likely to be something of a drug in the intellectual market of a defeated Germany. By offering a penny or twopence a copy for pulping, we would be likely to obtain the voluntary surrender of a large proportion of the extant volumes, as well as a not inconsiderable contribution towards the relief of the post-war paper shortage.

More important, but also more difficult, is the positive side. What should we and what can we do to ensure that post-war education in Germany develops along right lines? If the Nazi textbooks are to disappear, we must have something to put in their place. The new books must be written and ready before the end of the war. The suggestion is often made that distinguished German exiles and refugees should be commissioned to write them now. This would seem, however, to run counter to our third general principle. It would mean that we were still continuing to think of German education as something which can be dealt with as a separate problem, irrespective of what happens to education in neighbouring countries and indeed in the rest of the world. A much better plan—and probably the only satisfactory one—would be to entrust a group of men and women of different nationalities with the job of preparing a series of textbooks for use in Europe as a whole. They should not, I think, be given any official status as a body, though the request to prepare the textbooks should, of course, be made officially, and the preparation and publication of other textbooks should be discouraged. Publication might be undertaken by a group representing the publishers of various countries. These textbooks would be translated into the various languages required, and changes in quantitative emphasis and in subject-matter would be made to suit the needs of different countries. In the case of such subjects as geography and history, these quantitative changes would often be considerable, but the general outlook would be a European one, and we would no longer be confronted with such paradoxes as neighbouring countries with mutually contradictory history textbooks.

As a small but important item, let us see to it not only that abundant diagrams are provided, but that they are of uniform type. Dr. Neurath's isotype method is essentially an auxiliary international language, expressed in visual terms, and he and his colleagues at the Isotype Institute, now established in this country, should certainly be called in for this part of the programme.

In passing, we should also remember that with the growth of this and other modern methods of teaching, such as the project method, the relative importance of textbooks is diminishing. By the same token, however, that of the teachers and their outlook is increasing. The appointment of the teachers in the new German schools—not an easy problem in any case—thus comes to loom even larger. Here the imposition of outside personnel is fraught with the most serious difficulties. This applies in some degree even to the employment of refugees and exiles, but we must at all costs avoid the forced imposition of American or British or even neutrals like Swedes as teachers in German schools. The utmost we might do would be to say that nationals of other countries were available as teachers if the German authorities chose to invite them.

In general, any such arrangement would be much more satisfactory if it were part of a general scheme for international interchange. There is a great deal to be said for facilitating the largest possible number of German teachers to spend a period teaching in the schools of other countries (and the same goes, of course, for the exchange of schoolchildren, of University professors, and of undergraduate and graduate students. With regard to students, every attempt should be made to build up a truly European system of Universities, within which students would be as free to move as they were within the old German university system). Steps should, of course, be taken to promote an extensive and up-to-date system of adult education.

German youth organisation provides some particular difficulties. Regimentation has proceded so far that when the Hitler-Jugend and the Bund Deutscher Mädchen are disbanded there will be nothing left, not even the skeleton of any voluntary or international organisation, to fill the gap. It will probably be best to build on the basis of needs. Germany will be in as urgent a need of reconstruction as other European countries; even if the material conditions of people and of machinery are less serious than elsewhere, owing to the Nazis' pillaging of occupied lands, there will be plenty to do in this field, and the problem of remodelling the national life will be larger than in any other country. Why not, therefore, begin the new enrolment of German youth on the basis of service? Youth Service Corps have proved their worth in wartime Britain. They should be equally valuable in post-war Germany, and their adaptation to suit the later needs of peace would not be difficult, provided they are kept voluntary and that diversification is encouraged.

There is, however, a difference, here as in other fields, between wartime Britain and post-war Europe; in the latter it will be not only possible but essential to fit the German organisations into an international framework. What we need is an International Youth Service Corps to help in all the odd jobs that are on the fringe of reconstruction. Admittedly, it would be impossible, during the first few years after the war, to have young Germans working in any of the countries now occupied by the Nazis. But Sweden and Spain, and perhaps other countries such as Finland and Hungary, would be available. In addition, there would be the possibility of brigading not only neutrals, but also some Americans, both North and South, and perhaps some British, with the German Service Corps inside Germany. Nothing is more salutary and more conducive to the acquisition of a new and healthy international outlook than actual co-operation over concrete tasks which are seen to be valuable.

This brings me to my final point—the international organisation of European education. We took as our starting-point the desirability of setting up an International Education Office, with some regional agency for Europe. This latter might either be an integral part of the I.E.O., or an organ of whatever supernational political organisation is set up for Europe. Critics are likely to say that while such a set-up looks nice on paper, it will find itself confronted with grave difficulties in practice. Will the U.S.S.R. be represented on it or not? Should the U.S.A., even if willing, play a part in the European section? More generally, how shall we get any real agreement on educational policy between the representatives of countries of different character—some socialist and some capitalist, some in a later and some in an earlier stage of technical and social development? And if we do not get agreement, will not the entire scheme prove useless, or, still worse, an unreal façade behind which the seeds of disunity and dissension can sprout again, as they did behind the façade of the League of Nations?

Admittedly, the difficulties are real and considerable, but they constitute no reason for not making the attempt. Here, again, we should be providing the stimulus of co-operative working on a concrete job. There is a reality behind the phrase "European civilisation"; there *are* definite and inescapable trends that are now moulding the development of the nations which are the inheritors of that civilisation; in spite of divergences in method and fallings-short in practice, there *are* certain basic principles common to all anti-Fascist countries. On that basis there is a real chance of an International Education Office making a solid and substantial contribution towards the development of a European system of education, and so towards that of a culturally and politically more unified Europe.

JULIAN HUXLEY

IS THERE A HALFWAY HOUSE?

[The first of this series of articles on the structure of post-war industry appeared in our issue of February 6th.]

WHAT *minimum* changes in the pre-war economic system of Great Britain does the successful pursuit of a policy of "full employment" involve? That is the question to which, in the previous article, we promised to attempt an answer. We pointed out that the problem is only half one of finding a logically consistent answer in terms of the required machinery, because even the most appropriate machinery will work in practice only if the right people believe in it and are prepared to work it. We have, then, two questions to answer, one in terms of mechanisms and the other in terms of men.

Let us begin with the mechanisms, which are in fact the easier part. There has been of late years a remarkable approach to agreement among most economists about the things which a State must be equipped to do if it is not to remain at the mercy of fluctuations in business activity. It is now pretty generally agreed that credit policy must be controlled, in the last resort, by the Government and not by the bankers, and that this control must be so used as to ensure that the supply of finance is adequate to the maintenance of a steadily high volume of economic activity. It is agreed that deflationary banking policies, designed to force down prices in order to restore "equilibrium," must be prevented, and that, whatever may be the future system of international monetary exchange, it must be so devised as not to stand in the way of this adequacy of the money supply. It is also agreed that the mere emission of money is not enough; for it has been shown in practice that money on offer is not necessarily used, when prospects of profit are not deemed attractive. It follows from this that the State must make itself responsible not only for monetary policy, but also for ensuring that the money made available is actually employed; and it is agreed that the key to this problem is to be found in State action for maintaining the level of investment.

Investment, by which is meant the effective demand for capital goods, as distinct from consumption, is the key, because in fact the demand for capital goods is by far the most fluctuating factor in our present economy, and is the main source of fluctuations in the demand for consumers' goods. It is, no doubt, of great importance to maintain consumption in periods of depression, and policies of wage-cutting and the like, which hit directly at consumption, inevitably make depression worse. But the root source of instability is in the field of investment; for, when the profit outlook is bad, capitalists not only fail to make new investments, but also hold off from renewals of depreciating equipment and lower the volume of their stocks, thus throwing masses of people out of work and producing secondary depressing effects in the consumption industries.

If the State could ensure "full employment" merely by controlling the supply of money, the matter would be simple; it would be necessary only to take over the banks (or perhaps even the Bank of England alone, since the Bank of England is the body which already in effect controls the total supply of money with which the joint stock banks have little to do) and to make socialised banking the instrument of national plenty. But the control of investment raises much harder issues, since it is impracticable to force private owners of capital to invest their money except where they can see a sufficient inducement in terms of prospective profit. No doubt the State can itself invest in capital goods on a considerable scale without disturbing the present economic system. It can buy roads, bridges, houses, public buildings, using the services of private contractors in the making of these things, and thus keeping the master builders and civil engineers in a state of prosperous willingness to employ labour. If, however, the State confines itself to this type of investment, difficulties soon arise. There is a boom in the demand for building labour and materials, and in default of effective control the prices of these things are forced up. There is no assurance that the boom in this limited sphere will cause a sufficient revival of other kinds of investment; if it does not, the outcome is a lop-sided demand, out of relation either to the ability of industry to expand total production or to the wants of the consumers for additional goods and services. Only a prodigious outpouring of public money can, along these lines, get total employment up to a satisfactory level; and, even so, it would not be the right sort of employment, rightly balanced in accordance with the consumers' needs and desires.

If the State is to stimulate investment in a balanced way, it must be able to control investment over a field much wider than is ordinarily included in the notion of "public works." It must be able to secure that investment is applied to the modernisation of industrial equipment over a wide field, to the development of new processes and products, and to a properly balanced expansion of output of many kinds. Exactly how wide this sphere of State influence needs to be is a moot point; but at the least it must extend over a wide range of industries which are big users of capital equipment. It is obvious that if the State were in full control of the volume of investment, not merely in roads, houses and public buildings, but also in power stations for electrical production and distribution, railways and other forms of inland transport, shipping services, water supply and other public utilities, the range of public power to regulate investment would be greatly increased. If, further, the State were to establish all over the country Trading or Industrial Estates on the model of those set up in the depressed areas before the war, and were to supply on these estates factory buildings, power and water, and help with machine equipment, the range of State influence would be further widened, and the State would be in a position to foster significantly the growth of new techniques and of new products and to increase the adaptability of the economic structure to changing needs and demands.

This, surely, is the way we must look if we are in search of a workable halfway arrangement between socialism and capitalism, of such a kind as to make practicable a policy of "full employment." But there is more than this to be taken into account. State efforts to stimulate investment in new and improved processes will fail if monopolists are allowed to remain in control of supplies of the essential materials which will be needed for these processes and, in the name of regularising production, to hold up their prices and to limit the supply. It may not be necessary to nationalise the industries which produce or import and refine these key materials; but it will be necessary to do this unless alternative ways can be found of emancipating them from the control of the restrictive monopolies which have dominated them more and more. The relatively small-scale producer who is developing a new product or technique (and it is on such producers that economic progress largely depends) will not be able to go ahead, even if the State helps him in the ways suggested, if he is left at the mercy of monopolists who hold up at his expense the prices of essential materials or key instruments of production. Success in overthrowing the restrictive power of monopoly is therefore indispensable for the effectiveness of any policy of "full employment" based on limiting the sphere of direct public operation of industry and relying on the stimulation of private enterprise under public guidance for its main effects.

This goes right against existing tendencies. Both business organisation and State action between the wars followed the line of strengthening monopoly power, in the name of "rationalisation" and "orderly" industrial self-government. These tendencies were disastrous; they rendered the economic structure rigid just at the points at which it needed to be most flexible and put the monopolists in a position to earn satisfactory profit, not by increasing output, but by keeping it down and retaining for themselves instead of transferring to the community the benefits of technical advance. High prices for key semi-manufactures and machines left the manufacturer of finished goods at a disadvantage both in export markets and in following a policy of expanded production at home. Mass-unemployment was the outcome; and no policy of "full employment" can possibly work unless these restrictive influences are swept aside.

This brings us to the human side of the problem. The parts of the capitalist system which the State must attack and subject to itself if a policy of "full employment" is to succeed are precisely those parts in which large-scale capitalism is most powerfully entrenched, and those which are best placed for putting up a spirited political opposition to any proposals which would undermine its power. A Government which was forthright in explaining its motives and objectives for attacking these strongholds of monopoly trust could enlist a large measure of support not only among the general public but also among the smaller capitalists who are themselves the victims of the great monopolies; it would also find supporters among managers and technicians who are interested in efficiency and cheapness rather than in profits. But can we get a Government capable of taking this line; and, if so, could it rely on the support of the trade unions? It is hard to imagine such a Government emerging from the ranks of present politicians; and it is unfortunately not to be denied that the trade unions are very apt to prefer the monopolists to other capitalists, because they find them easier to bargain with. This is partly because bargains are most easily struck between large-scale units, and partly because the monopolists, being in possession of monopoly profits, can afford to offer better terms of employment than firms which do not enjoy a protected position.

The reasons for our doubts about the political practicability of the halfway solution between Socialism and capitalism which, in the existing circumstances, common sense would seem to dictate, are now, we hope, clear. We cannot see the Labour Party giving that whole-hearted backing which would be needed; and we cannot see the more progressive Tories, when it comes to the point, really attacking the strongholds of capitalism, which are also the strongholds of restrictive monopoly. The only two organisations which seem, so far, to be backing this solution as hard as they can are, characteristically, the Fabian Society and the Co-operative Movement. The Fabian Society has argued strongly for it in its remarkable booklet, *A Word on the Future*; and the Co-operative Party, in a document recently published, is putting up what is in essence the same idea to its forthcoming annual conference.

A great deal, we believe, turns on making this solution, which is not at present politically on the carpet, into a practical political possibility. It involves working out satisfactory answers to two key questions—what is the right form of administration for industries and services which are taken into public hands, and for co-ordinating their working with the requirements of public policy as a whole; and what are the best practicable means of controlling those large-scale industries which are left in private hands and which tend to adopt restrictive policies? These are the two problems we propose to deal with in the concluding article of this series.

A LONDON DIARY

VERY few Western people understand the complex motives which make fasting a familiar and recognised practice in India. I doubt if they will gain much enlightenment from reading the curious correspondence which has passed between the Viceroy and Gandhi. Each accuses the other of responsibility for violence in India. The Viceroy calls fasting "political blackmail," and Gandhi explains that "it is on my part meant to be an appeal to the highest tribunal for the justice which I have failed to secure from you." Common sense will not let itself be side-tracked by such phrases. Incalculable results may follow Gandhi's fast. What is to be done about it? Surely Gandhi is right that if the Viceroy wants him to make proposals for ending the deadlock, as he says he does, Gandhi should be permitted to be "among the Congress Working Committee Members."

* * *

The story goes round that General Montgomery said to Mr. Churchill: "I drink only water and eat sparingly; I never smoke, and I go to bed at ten. I am 100 per cent. fit." Mr. Churchill replied: "I drink port and I eat a lot; I never leave off smoking, and I go to bed at 3 a.m. I am 200 per cent. fit." However that may be, here he is again, round and genial, proof that John Bull of the eighteenth century has survived into the twentieth. None of his ancestors stepped from their four-in-hand more vigorously than Mr. Churchill from an aircraft which had brought him thousands of often hazardous miles. What he achieved, little or much, we shall learn. It is certain that he has arrived to find an uneasy situation at home. National unity wears dangerously thin. In the background lies the mixture of emotions about the Soviet Union. In the foreground there is a new outbreak of party politics over the Catering Bill. There are ugly little signs that Fascists dare again to be active. To smear tar over Lenin's bust is only hooliganism and the same thing may be said of the chalking up "This is a Jew shop" and suchlike on the doors of respectable tradesmen. But such little signs should catch the attentive eye of the Prime Minister. The cure lies in positive action by the Government, not only on the European Continent but also in presenting to the public exciting proof of social change and international collaboration. Governments and democracies fall not because their opponents are strong, but because those in power fail to do things that need doing.

* * *

I am told that Jennie Lee gets the best meetings in the by-election at Bristol Central. Unfortunately, she has not a straight fight with Lady Apsley; Jimmy Maxton is actually speaking for an I.L.P. candidate in opposition to Jennie. This is a strange case of pettifogging politics. Jennie Lee could have walked into Parliament at Lanarkshire if she had accepted the Labour Party Whip, but she, perhaps foolishly, stuck to the I.L.P. out of personal loyalty to Maxton. Now that she represents a progressive policy at Bristol Central the I.L.P. must needs put up a candidate against her. Meanwhile, the Labour Party, intent as ever on suicide, solemnly threatens to expel any of its supporters who vote against Lady Apsley. Fourteen local Labour councillors, I am told, have very naturally defied this edict. Whether Transport House can really commit the absurdity of expelling its members for voting for a Socialist against a Conservative I do not know. In any case the forces that in combination would almost certainly defeat the Conservatives are split into resentful fragments. In the first instance Conservative Central Office had some doubts, I believe, whether the choice of Lady Apsley as successor to her husband was wise. Now they believe that they need not have worried. They reckon they can always trust the progressive parties in this country to destroy each other. But I hope in this case they will prove wrong and Jennie Lee will be returned.

* * *

I am glad to see that Cabinet Ministers have now arranged to address a series of meetings in the provinces and London to celebrate the Soviet victories. I am the more glad because the persistent boycotting of Anglo-Soviet meetings by official Government spokesmen and also by the national press must inevitably have increased the suspicions of the U.S.S.R. On Sunday last, for instance, a mass meeting organised by the *Russia To-day Society* packed the Coliseum. Some 3,000 people listened to T. L. Horabin, Robert Boothby, Sir George Young and Bill Rust, the Editor of the *Daily Worker*. Every country of the United Nations, except one, had sent a military representative; they were conspicuous in their uniforms. The flags of the United States and the Fighting French, and each of the United Nations, except one, were ceremonially paraded. The one absent country was Great Britain.

* * *

In his interview with the press on Tuesday General de Gaulle was both trenchant and sagacious. The problem, he insisted, was not to reconcile two generals, but to unite the French Empire. There were only two sources of legality, the Republic and the hated Vichy regime. He recognised the former—which, if either, did Giraud recognise? Clearly the General is right in demanding as a first test loyalty to the Republic. When Mr. Macmillan draws a distinction between a traitor and a weaker brother we entirely agree with him. We should be chary of judging wherever there is a doubt. But Sagittarius this week properly denounces any appeasement of men like Peyrouton, Boisson and Bergeret—about whom there is really no doubt at all. For General de Gaulle to collaborate with such men would destroy the faith of Republican France. He went on, very properly, to call for the liberation of prisoners, the restoration of liberty of the press and liberty of assembly in North Africa. He further suggested the formation of a consultative Council made up of all available Frenchmen elected to any function before the destruction of the Republic. I fancy that in M. Massigli General de Gaulle has acquired a valuable and statesmanlike adviser. Meanwhile it is good that General Catroux should be in Algiers, where his career and rank must command the respect of those officials and senior officers who still regard General de Gaulle as a whippersnapper.

* * *

The *Norseman*, a review of the Free Norwegians, was launched last week at a small lunch at which King Haakon presided, with Dr. Benes as principal guest. I seldom like official lunches; this was an exception. For these Norwegians are solid and real; they are in touch with the resistance movement in their own country; they are representative of living forces. The only speech was made by Dr. Wörm-Muller, the Editor. The first number of the paper contains an article by Dr. Benes, who talks excellent sense about war aims and recognises the leading rôle of Russia. A graceful sketch of Winston Churchill by Harold Nicolson finds place among the Norwegian articles which deal with Norway's international position and her social programme. Education we learn, can be the basis of culture without resting on a class system.

* * *

"The Christian view of the right relationship between finance, production and consumption" was the subject. The audience was the Bank Officers' Guild, and the speaker the Archbishop of Canterbury. An intriguing combination, resulting in a personal triumph for Dr. Temple. In addressing a trade union audience the Archbishop might seem to begin with a number of handicaps; Rugby, Balliol, a Double First, President of the Oxford Union, Fellow of Queen's College, Headmaster of Repton; born in an episcopal Palace—he has in fact spent a large part of his life in episcopal palaces—his only parochial experience four years at St. James', Piccadilly; what art, it might be asked, could enable a man with so abundant a lack of first-hand experience of bread-and-butter problems and such a very prosperous and secluded background to hold his audience in the hollow of his hand for a solid hour? He has not a single rhetorical trick; only an occasional touch of humour. The answer is that people do respond to knowledge and sincerity, to precision and lucidity of statement, and to the force of reason. It restored faith in the power of reason to see an audience so moved by it.

* * *

The telephone spluttered indignantly and then a familiar voice said: "I'm in the Home Guard, God help me! and we were being reviewed on Sunday by the Commander of the London district. His speech sounded like Fascism to me. He told us that when the armistice is signed, human nature being what it is, there may well be an inclination for the discipline of the country not to be as steady as it should. The influence and example of the Home Guard would be needed to keep the country disciplined and steady. Does that mean that we are to be used as strike-breakers, or some sort of armed Gestapo? I jolly well know that wasn't what I joined the Home Guard for." I am sure my friend exaggerates the importance of Sir Arthur Smith's speech; I am certain he did not speak for the Government. But he was not alone in deploring the mischief done by talk that could be so interpreted.

* * *

What answer has any member of the Government to the letter from the headmaster of Rugby, which appeared in the *Times* of February 9th? He pointed out both about the persecution of Jews and the starvation of children in the occupied countries, practical suggestions had been made which might produce "some small measure of alleviation." He went on:

> Yet in both cases all attempts to help have been resolutely prevented by the Government with reasons which are so inadequate as to be almost contemptible. To say that the admission of a tiny proportion of the Jewish children who can escape the pogrom into this country will encourage anti-Semitism is an insult to our humanity; and to describe, as Mr. Molson has done, the granting of navicerts to cargoes of vitamins and dried milk, carried in neutral ships and distributed under international guarantees, as an abandonment of the blockade, is no less an insult to our intelligence.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to W. R.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

It is to be deplored that the Archbishop of Canterbury in his recent speeches should dwell so much on usury, finance and economics, all very difficult subjects that do not interest the working man. The Church will suffer from all this controversy.—Letter in the *Daily Telegraph*.

(*a*) Ballotine de jambon Valentinoise.
(*b*) Assiette Froide et Salade.

Authorised translation by the management.
(*a*) Hot Spam.
(*b*) Cold spam.

—Menu of the Strand Palace Hotel, midday, February 5th, 1943.

"When the storm came to France she collapsed," he observed, in a reference to Sunday opening on the Continent. "When it came on us we stood firm. Who shall say how much we owe to our Sunday?"—Report in *Daily Telegraph*.

THINGS ONE HEARS

I WAS sitting in an inn about a fortnight ago discussing the weather over the English Channel when a countryman said: "Look out for February the 2nd. If we get rough weather on the 2nd of February, that means the winter is over and the rest of the spring will be shucky." I had never heard the word "shucky" before, and learned after inquiry that it meant "on and off" or "so-so." I was also so ignorant of the church calendar that I did not know that the second of February is Candlemas Day, and that Candlemas Day is the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary. I was ignorant even of the fact that Candlemas Day is a weather prophet almost as much relied on in some country parts as Saint Swithin's Day itself.

On looking up Chambers's *Book of Days* I found that the countryman's desire for vile weather on the second of February was not the effect of some modern superstition, like the fear of lighting three cigarettes from one match. Chambers quotes not only a Latin distich in which Sir Thomas Browne refers to the day in *Vulgar Errors*, but a traditional Scottish rhyme which runs:

> If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
> The half o' winter's to come and mair;
> If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
> The half o' winter's gane at Yule.

Chambers also quotes two German proverbs on the subject which might make even an infidel wonder whether it would not be the best thing in the world to be rained on, hailed on, and blown off one's legs on Candlemas Day. One of the proverbs runs: "The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candlemas Day than the sun." (Why "stable," I wonder.) The second proverb says: "The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and, when he finds snow, walks abroad; but, if he sees the sun shining, he draws back into his hole." Chambers, who was clearly a rationalist or half a Presbyterian, comments on these beliefs: "It is not improbable that these notions, like the festival of Candlemas itself, are derived from pagan times and have existed since the very infancy of the race." Thus do some of the most powerful intellects among the Scots explain intuitive knowledge away. They dismiss it as "these notions." They will not compromise even so far as to admit that it may be the result of prolonged observation of what happens on and after the 2nd of February.

Everybody who reads the papers knows what kind of weather prevailed over the English Channel on the 2nd of February. I confess my heart sank as I read such headings as "Channel Gale Has Subsided" and "Straits Gale Subsides." "After another rough night," said the report, "when there were further heavy rainstorms, the gale which has been sweeping the Straits of Dover blew itself out to-day." The only gleam of hope shone from the second paragraph of the report: "The sea has moderated, but it is still rough. After daybreak there were heavy storm clouds towards the French coast."

Always an optimist, I found my spirits reviving as I thought of those storm clouds towards the French coast. Perhaps, the weather in the coming months will be shucky after all. At the same time, I must admit that I felt gloomy as the sun appeared in all its loathsome splendour when I was on my way to work, and people who did not know any better could be heard cheerfully saying to each other: "Beautiful morning." I hope those who deride country superstitions will make a careful note of the weather that in the coming months will follow the subsidence of the gale over the English Channel in the first hours of Candlemas, and report on the evidence in the same scientific spirit in which the laboratory student reports on experiments with electrons or vitamins or whatnot. It will be interesting to see whether the German badger's apprehensions prove to be well founded. I myself am willing to bet six to four—in shillings—on the badger.

It used to be thought a poor misuse of the conversational powers of men to talk about the weather; but to me it is always one of the good subjects. It is a subject about which one is always hearing something new. In the inn, for example, another countryman told me something I had never known before of the effect of weather on cuckoo clocks. "Old cuckoo," he said, "he won't come out when its cold or draughty. He won't sing unless he knows its warm outside. He's a regular barometer, my old cuckoo, and I would trust old cuckoo sooner 'n any barometer. Old cuckoo always knows, and, if it's cold or draughty, he stays indoors." The speaker, however, was a man who seems to have had exceptional experience with clocks and watches. He declared that if he put the best-regulated watch in his waistcoat pocket, with its face to his body, it would begin to go slow and lose an hour a day. This, he maintained, was a common phenomenon, and he told me of men he knew who had to carry their watches with the face pointing away from the body, and with a piece of leather intervening at the back, in order to be sure of knowing the right time. He himself, he said, always carried his watch in his overcoat pocket. I have often wondered what evidence there is for horological aberrations of this kind. Perhaps the Brains Trust could throw some light on them. I am sure Commander Campbell could tell us of watches that played strange tricks on the approach to the coast of the Andaman Islands.

I do not know whether I live in a peculiar territory of myths; but, during the gale that preceded Candlemas, another countryman told me another fact about clocks that was new to me. We were talking about the effect of the gale in causing a breakdown in the telephone system and in cutting off the electric supply in the kitchen. He knew I had an electric clock and asked me: "Did it stop your clock?" I told him no—that, though the electric cooker had been put out of action, the clock was behaving normally. Then he asked me: "Have you ever seen an electric clock going backwards?" Now I had heard of imbecile ducks that walked backwards, but never of the hands of a clock destroying one's faith in natural law by moving widdershins. I asked my informant what was the cause of this, and he, who claimed that he had seen the phenomenon, said: "I don't know. I think it's thunder." This is another statement that I hope some one more observant than myself will attempt to verify. After all, if thunder can turn milk sour, why should it not be able to put the clock back? "There are more things," said Hamlet in an admirable address to Horatio; and this may be one of them.

The oddest thing that I have heard during the past fortnight, however, had nothing to do with meteorology. I was sitting in the London counterpart of an inn with a friend who is a fanatical psycho-analyst, and my friend was saying that, fanatic though he is, he was horrified by the prophecy of one of his latest idols that a time would come when it would be possible to give psycho-analytic treatment to animals. At this a woman who was sitting at what moderns would call a near-by table, and eating a sandwich, looked round and said: "Oh, but that is being done already." "Oh," said my friend; "what animals?" "Lots of animals," she told him. "Especially mules. I have heard of scores of mules being cured by psycho-analysis." "But how is it done?" asked my friend. "Auto-suggestion," she said gravely. I could see that my friend was puzzling his brains as to how it was possible to auto-suggest a mule. How does one discover a mule's dreams? How does one break one's way through to his psyche, and wrest from him the secret of the libido or the repressions that may have been the cause of his stubbornness? If I had not had to hurry back to write some copy for the printer, I should have liked to remain and inquire into the behaviour of mules when all their conflicts had been resolved and their lives altered. But duty called, and I kept silent.

"Psycho-analysis," continued our authoritative neighbour, "has been particularly successful with rabbits. I have heard of quite a lot of rabbits being cured by psycho-analysis." Never having kept a rabbit, I did not know that rabbits suffered from anything of which they needed to be cured; but no doubt their underground life affects them in all sorts of ways. I suspected for a moment that my leg was being pulled—always an easy thing to do—but our neighbour was obviously speaking in all seriousness. "And dogs," she went on, "dogs are easy to treat. If a dog is always barking, don't beat him. Talk to him. If the most ferocious dog rushed at me in the dark, I would undertake to cure him in a few seconds. I always make a point of talking to dogs in a southern accent, by the way; dogs seem to respond to it. An Irish accent, too, is said to be soothing to animals. That is why the Irish are so good at training horses."

As I tore myself away I could not help reflecting: "What a wonderland we live in! And to how small an extent most of us have explored the mysteries that surround us! What with ducks and electric clocks that go backwards, and mules and rabbits that are cured by psycho-analysis, the world is still as strange as it was in the days of the voyage of Maeldun." Keep your ears open, and you will learn much that is not contained in the encyclopædias. I have done so to some extent in the past fortnight. Y. Y.

A NOTE ON ANTI-SEMITISM

It is a matter of common knowledge that anti-semitism has grown significantly in both Britain and America during the war. In fact, this growth is deepest among that section of the population in both which is suffering most, and least able, by its position, to find the means of remedy for its suffering. As in Germany, its general malaise takes the natural form of xenophobia, and, as is always the case, the Jews are the first, because the most obvious, objects of that hostility.

But this growth of anti-semitism is by no means confined to that class which is anxious to work off its indignation on an easily identifiable object of blame. It is characteristic, also, of sections of the population among whom, before the war, such an attitude was exceptional; politicians, administrators, business men, social workers, landladies and hotel keepers in seaside towns. All of them agree that the Nazi persecution is an abominable thing. All of them unite in eloquent denunciation of it. All of them are insistent that it is an evil and ugly thing which is, usually, the expression of, and the index to, much deeper social disease. Most of them, when pressed, would admit that it is wholly irrational. But most of them, also, are prepared with an explanation for its emergence which, not seldom, tends to become an excuse. Most of them, especially the politicians, employ the emergence of this sentiment as a way of evading the issues to which this growth gives rise.

The explanations proffered are on very different levels. The Jews are blamed for their failure to win outstanding military distinction. They are blamed because some Jews play a part in the Black Market. They are blamed because they fill the air with protest against their misfortunes. They are blamed because they have sought to evade the blitz in Manchester or Leeds or the East end of London by what, proportionately, has been a large-scale evacuation. They irritate Ministers because they complicate our relations with Arabs, and because our policy in Palestine leads to criticism from their friends in the United States. They irritate administrators because the intricate problems to which they give rise cause long researches in the Departments and constant trouble in Parliament. They irritate social workers because they do not fit into the formulae applicable to the general population, so that every issue to which they are relevant involves the need for fatiguing effort in a time of strain. They irritate business men because their quick commercial instinct leads them irresistibly to every newly profitable market. They irritate the landlady or the hotel keeper because their group-loyalty gives a special character to the boarding house or hotel where they congregate. They irritate all of these by their vivacity, their energy in defending themselves, the power they exercise of making their grievances known. It is felt that they deserve sympathy. It is agreed that they are the outstanding proof of Nazi brutality. But it is also felt that they are over-insistent upon their tragic role in a time of supreme tragedy. They cause relentless and unceasing uneasiness by their inability to maintain a dignified silence in the presence of massive wrongs. Patriotic Jews would not force the full-scale horror of their sufferings upon the national attention. They would develop that sense of proportion which enables them to be seen and not heard.

I do not think that anyone who has not, like a British or American Jew, inherited with pride the legacy of two great cultures, can realise the price to be paid to-day, in psychological stress and pain, for the Jewish tradition in which he shares. On the one hand, as an Englishman or American, his one ambition is not to embarrass a war-effort of which the victory is the condition of his very life; on the other there is that obligation he cannot escape to the helpless millions on the European continent whose fate, but for an accident in historical time, might well be his. If he is silent as an Englishman or as an American, he is bound to be aware that the future of European Jewry will matter relatively little to statesmen engaged upon affairs in which his future is of slight importance, not seldom a source of political embarrassment or administrative fatigue. If he speaks as a Jew, the climate of opinion he is certain, sooner or later, to encounter will emphasise to him that those to whom he appeals have, at bottom, the half-conscious sense that he is, after all, an alien amongst them pleading for aliens whose claims are in no aspect rights. If he chooses to meet the ignorant prejudices of anti-semitism, he finds that it is impermeable to rational argument. If he attempts to state, in all its formidable complexity, the grounds upon which the place of the Jew in modern civilisation deserves the sympathy of understanding, he is only too likely to breed the conviction that he stands permanently outside the tradition in which he feels all his being involved. He may not ask for preventive action against anti-semitism; he is told that this merely spreads the infection he seeks to arrest. And when the infection has become virulent, he becomes grimly aware that many of those upon whose friendship he had counted are merely fair-weather allies who vanish as the clouds grow thick. He can, before the phase of virulence supervenes, always ask for, and usually receive, sympathetic consideration; but when he looks for decisive action as the outcome of sympathy, he is made aware of frontiers within which he must dwell. All his relations are an essay in the conditional mood. He can never be sure that to-day's acceptance of his human claims are not the prelude to a *numerus clausus* in the habits of to-morrow. He is above the native races when the sun is shining; when the barometer is set at stormy he may find himself compelled to envy the assured status that the native races enjoy.

Roughly speaking, the Jew in the Western world was permitted to throw off his ancient fetters with the advent of the French Revolution; the emancipation he enjoyed was essentially one aspect of that liberal individualism to which, after 1789, history gave its letters of credit. No aspect of this emancipation was complete; much of it was achieved only in the face of bitter hostility, above all in Germany. And no one, I think, can read the history of the long crisis in Europe from 1789 to 1848 without the conviction that the forces which sought to arrest the emancipation of the Jew, whether they were aristocratic privilege, commercial restriction, religious prejudice, or national exclusiveness, were always elements in that narrow order which the tidal wave of the French Revolution sought to destroy. Jewish emancipation was part of that democratic expansion in which man sought to affirm himself as man, without regard to birth or race or creed. So long as the social and economic environment was favourable to democratic expansion, so long the preservation of Jewish rights seemed part of the faith of civilisation. But, psychologically, as it was the latest, so it was the weakest, part of that faith. It was always rooted in a soil where ancient memories made emancipation a tree of hesitant growth, fragile and uncertain of its right to spread. Whenever democratic expansion halted, it was the first principle in its effort to be threatened with the axe.

It is therefore natural enough that in an epoch when privilege has used, in men like Hitler and Mussolini, the outlaws of civilisation to stay by counter-revolution the expansion of the democratic idea, the rights of the Jew should be the first sacrifice to be exacted. For they are the central symbol of a freedom that is self-confident. Where freedom falters, there also the idea of Jewish emancipation is bound to falter too. And it is also natural enough that countries like Britain and America, where the forces of counter-revolution exist even in their democratic soil, they should seek to use the weapon of anti-semitism as the lever whereby to obtain a firmer grip upon that principle of free individuality with which they are at war. It is even natural that the statesmen who lead these nations should find it difficult to take a firm stand, on any plane that is not purely verbal, against the attack upon a symbol in which each interest that feels itself endangered has been taught by the long history of the past and the passionate propaganda of the present to find its special enemy. The rich Jew is the enemy of the poor; the poor Jew is the enemy of the rich. The peasant finds in the Jewish trader the threat to his price-level; the business man sees in him a stern competitor. As a professional man, lawyer, doctor, teacher, the Jew invades an area where the standards ought not to be of alien making; in the world of letters or art the Jew permeates a culture with traditions that are not the necessary outcome of its own spontaneous principle. If he is faithful to his ancient creed, he is a standing defiance of the Christian revelation; if he rejects his ancient creed, he is a primary agent, in that secularising process against which all the Churches stand on guard. Outside of Palestine, history has made the incidence of Jewish occupations at variance with the normal curve; and if he has achieved normality in Palestine the price has been the disturbance of the administrative ease with which a conquering people could handle the spasmodic outbursts of Arab disquiet. There is something for everyone to complain of in the Jew in an epoch where the values deemed final in the nineteenth century have all once more been thrown into the melting-pot. And by yielding to the complainants, whether by positive law or by the silent force of custom, they can be made to feel that the gates of opportunity have been thrown more widely open to them. No doubt the Jew will complain, loudly and bitterly; but when has he not complained?

The case that I plead is thus the simple one that the victimisation of the Jew is bound up with the sacrifice of the cause of the common people. Behind the banner of anti-semitism there marches no doubt, a motley army, but the generals who direct its strategy are concerned, above all, to arrest that democratic expansion the development of which alone enables the people at long last to enter with fullness upon their inheritance. So that those who seek to come to terms with the enemies of the Jew are seeking, even if they do not know it, to come to terms with the counter-revolution. Often, no doubt, they are misled by the myriad disguises it can assume. Often, also, their deception is aided by the timidity of those Jews who think that a temporary anchorage is a safe harbour and urge them to that conspiracy of silence before wrong in which the modern statesman is adept. Yet the burden of our history is unmistakeable; the enemy of the Jew is the enemy of freedom. They who organise the pogrom to-day will attack to-morrow the general foundations of freedom. That is why the moral stature of a nation is set by its recognition that the claim of the Jew to freedom is the claim of its own people to strike off its chains. When it is silent before the agony of the Jew, it collaborates in the organisation of its own future servitude.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE MOVIES

"Pittsburgh," at the Gaumont

"To-morrow We Live," at the Regal

The slump in good films continues—or ought I to say, is really now beginning? War has hit Hollywood—our main source of eye-teasers—in two ways, both detrimental to art and entertainment. The first is the general cutting-down in the film-producing industry; and pruning of that sort isn't likely to improve standards, Hollywood being what it is. The second is the patriotic motive. This will probably make American films, to English eyes and ears at least, unbearable for some time. Not only does the mood repeat earlier phases of the war, but the flags and bands of 1917 are being paraded again.

Pittsburgh is a melodrama about coal and big business and Miss Dietrich. Two ex-miners, both burly, one good (Randolph Scott) and the other bad (John Payne), rise to the level of board-rooms and society; and Miss Dietrich, who also "has coal dust in her veins," gets on too. She goes through the whole gamut of the dressmaker from the experimental-tarty to pearl-ropes of opulence. It's a hell of a drama, triangular, of course, with the big boobs going down the mine again to fight it out. The sight of Miss Dietrich running after them and falling down the lift-shaft shouldn't be missed. She is at her best, though, later on, being very practical (in trousers) with her war work. For the war has come to give this film a happy end; with everyone doing their bit the triangle straightens out, and the sentimental doc. who has been telling the story off and on completes a happy picture.

Few themes could be more tragic or inspiring than the resistance in occupied countries, yet the films dealing with that resistance are almost invariably second-rate. *To-morrow We Live*, acknowledging the co-operation of General de Gaulle and the French National Committee, is no exception. The elements are there that should move us to tears: fifty hostages face the firing squad, heroic French men and women risk their lives daily to discomfit the invader, an ammunition train is blown up, an old man waves his hat as the R.A.F. come over to drop their bombs. Yet none of these incidents affect us more than if we were back in Ruritania or watching Sherlock Holmes on the track of a new secret weapon. *To-morrow We Live* is a romantic thriller, not bad as such—it is quick-moving and picturesque—but hopelessly inadequate for the occasion. Better in my opinion to leave tributes to occasional news reels and M.O.I. shorts than pretend to glorify the Fighting French in second-rate fiction. I don't want to be too hard on *To-morrow We Live* and a largely English cast and direction do well enough on the thriller level. Wrong level, that's all.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Derek Hill at the Nicholson Gallery, 45 St. James's Place

Mr. Derek Hill is a young painter whose rapid development can be traced in this modest exhibition. The early works from his student period in France have little character, though they show a natural gift. In his recent paintings, most of them drawn from English country life, not only is the skill much greater, but a personality begins to emerge. While Mr. Hill is still experimenting in styles (Innes and Jack Yeats are among the apparent influences), he remains constant to an elegance that must be native to him. He has a good eye for a *motif*, a happy taste in colour, and, except in one too-heavily loaded canvas, a nice sense of texture. *Horse Hoeing Potatoes*, *Boy on Cart*, *Sylvie at Crawlboys* and *Oil Study of a Boy* are among the best pictures. The most distinguished of all is a small romantic view of the *Downs in Wiltshire*. We look forward to Mr. Hill's future with hopeful curiosity.

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LET'S BE FAIR

Mr. Macmillan asked correspondents not to be harsh with former Vichy followers in the government, reminding them that there is a lot of difference between a traitor and one of the weaker brethren who choose the path of least resistance.—*Evening Standard*, February 8th.

M. Peyrouton has been deeply perturbed by criticism in the British press and the House of Commons directed against him.—*Manchester Guardian*, February 8th.

"DON'T be harsh with Peyrouton
For a past mistake,
Do not criticise Boisson,
Give Bergeret a break.

"Don't refer to them as crooks,
Renegades and twisters,
Don't keep them in your bad books,
Vichy's non-resisters.

"Don't charge them with treachery
Though they played with traitors,
Don't forget they still may be
Good administrators.

"While they do not represent
France's underground
It is amply evident
All of them are sound.

"Now that they have turned again,
Give the gang a chance,
Let these weaker brethren
Speak for fighting France.

"All war criminals will face
Trials stern but just,
Save those quislings whom we place
In offices of trust.

"Though they once were followers
In Pétain's Old Guard,
Now they're Giraud's Ministers,
Please, please, don't be hard."

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

COLONIAL STYLE

SIR,—An article in your paper of November 23rd on our British "Colonial Style" in architecture has been brought to my notice. May I say, though it may seem strange coming from the chief culprit in the eyes of the writer of the article, that I am in agreement with much that he writes. I should perhaps remark incidentally that I had nothing to do with the design of the Lusaka Government buildings; nor have I seen them. "Imitating Renaissance tradition," in its superficial aspects of style apart from the valuable lessons which may be learnt from its elemental and eternal qualities, has always been anathema to me; and I think it always has been so to my old pupils and collaborators of the past in Africa. I cannot do better than quote what I have previously written, but not published, on the subject of your article and on my appreciation of what the Italians have done in their African colonies.

"What I had learnt in Southern Africa was in Kenya even more deeply impressed upon me in these higher latitudes under the vertical rays of the midday sun. The sun is the most powerful ally of the architect in designing for beauty; it is his priceless gift which costs his client nothing. He has only to model his plain wall-surfaces and apportion his openings under wide overhanging eaves and the kindly sun casts its deep shadows diffused with soft-toned reflected lights on the bright warm whites and greys of the wall below. It was distressing to see the waste of ineffective labour and material on surface elaboration of pseudo-Renaissance detail on buildings designed by thoughtless and unadapting architects trained in the dull atmospheres of northern latitudes. It indicates a radical fault in our British schools of architecture which can send forth young architects so ill-equipped for the needs and conditions to the countries which our nation govern as Trustees."

I have been struck with the planning and architectural design of many of the cities of the Italian

Colonial Empire. I have not seen them, but to judge from illustrations in the papers they show imagination and dignity; and, apart from some strange details and hubristic monuments, they set an example which our colonial administrators might well follow. I pointed this out to one of our East African governors, and he told me that, when he visited the coast-towns of Italian Somaliland and Eritrea, he was much impressed by the enlightened views of the Italians on the value of good architecture in their colonies as compared with those of our Philistine governments.

It is true that the Italians have the advantage of their architects being trained in climates not very different from those of their colonies; but we, with our long experience of colonial government, should by this time have learnt the influence of climate on architecture and that ordered beauty in our colonial cities is of imperial value.

I am a little puzzled by the writer's reference to a "porte cochere style." If he means ample spaces roofed over to protect them from fierce suns and heavy rains, outdoor living rooms as well as entrances of dignity, porticoes, loggias or the South African stoep, call them what you will, I venture to suggest that the writer of the article does not fully understand this need and delight in these countries of strong sunlight and occasional tropical rains; nor the importance, if the designer's art is to be truth and not "imitation," of giving them due expression in his architecture. I trust you will think, sir, that the importance of the subject justifies this long reply to your interesting article. HERBERT BAKER, R.A.

AN AMERICAN DEPENDENCY

SIR,—It is natural that Raymond Buell should be upset by my having pointed out the real implications and effects of his proposals for Anglo-American economic unification, and of other proposals of the same type. It is foolish of him to say that I "misrepresent" the "Time-Life-Fortune" plan. What the practical effects of any economic policy will be is always, of course, a matter of opinion. But to state the proposals accurately (largely, in their authors' own words) and then to describe what one believes their consequences would be—which is what I did—cannot be to misrepresent them.

As a matter of fact every word of Mr. Buell's letter confirms my previous "assessment" (to use the military terminology of the day) of his scheme. For instance, Mr. Buell denies that he proposes to restore an unmodified capitalism. He is merely out, he writes, to oblige "enterprise to accept price competition in an ever enlarging area of life." Here is a good old nineteenth-century Manchester aspiration returning to us as a wistful dream of capitalism's lost youth. He remarks emphatically that his report says "The U.S. and Britain would not have to agree (for example) on a common housing programme." So it does. But his report also lays down two fundamental conditions which make it certain that, whatever soothing sentences the report contains, no British Government could, after it had signed the proposed treaty with America, undertake a large housing programme, or any other considerable programme of internal development, without American consent. For the very foundation of the report is that the governments which sign the treaty relinquish the right (i) to control their own exports and imports, and (ii) to control the export of capital in the form of money. And without these two controls it would be quite impossible, I repeat, for any future British Government "to attempt such measures as the combating of unemployment, the maintenance of agricultural production at a given level, or the preservation of industries considered necessary for defence."

In a word we should become a helpless dependency of America. I repeat that if this degree of *economic* unification is to be carried through (and there are undoubtedly some important considerations in its favour) it is indispensable for us to be given effective *political* representation in the sovereign assembly of the combined economy. That sovereign assembly could be only either the American Congress or some newly created Federal Chamber. Mr. Buell says that we should be in a minority in such an assembly. True. But under his proposals we should have no representation at all! It would be the perfect American revenge for "taxation without representation."

Finally it is worth noting that at the end of his letter Mr. Buell turns nasty and threatens us with not being able to keep up our standard of life unless we accept his scheme. We shall thank him for his benevolent interest in us. But maybe we should manage better than he supposes. J. S.

C.E.M.A. AT CAMBRIDGE

SIR,—The efforts of C.E.M.A. are so deserving of praise that I feel justified in claiming a little of your space to put the following facts on record. They are disagreeable facts, but I feel that readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should be acquainted with them.

Many are probably aware that C.E.M.A. have organised a touring exhibition of the Tate Gallery's Wartime Acquisitions, which is booked to visit important cultural centres outside London. One would have thought that Cambridge would make it a point of honour to do justice to the occasion. There is ample space in the FitzWilliam Museum for a show of one hundred pictures (the number in circulation); and the works that would have to be removed for this purpose are, for the most part, of very small aesthetic interest, as its more valuable possessions have been taken to a place of safety for the duration.

But what has actually happened? Just over half the number of pictures sent were, with evident reluctance, accommodated in two of the rooms (with a few odd ones scattered through the permanent collection); these fifty or sixty paintings were hung with an amateurish ineptitude: and the posters announcing the event could probably have been counted on one hand.

By far the most revealing factor, though, is to be found in the names of the artists who were omitted (whereas such painters as Steer and John were represented in comparative profusion); Henry Moore, John Piper, Frances Hodgkins, Graham Sutherland, Kokoshka, Paul Klee, Max Ernst—all these, and others too, were refused the light of day. I find it hard to believe that a representative committee of artists or connoisseurs would have wielded so biased a blue pencil; or, indeed, that they would have decided against making room for the exhibition in its entirety. (The exhibition, such as it is, will be over by the time you go to press.)

It would be interesting to know whether C.E.M.A. is meeting with a similar lack of local co-operation elsewhere. It would also be interesting to know whether the person or persons responsible for the present affront to C.E.M.A. and the public have anything to say in their defence. And, finally, whether they have failed to realise the inevitable interpretation of their actions—as constituting a reactionary dictatorship of taste. MAX CHAPMAN

THE STRUGGLE IN JUGOSLAVIA

SIR,—In your article "Our Allies in Jugoslavia," published on February 6th, you make the statement that "This seems no reason why the B.B.C. European Service should continue to foster the illusion that resistance in Jugoslavia is still united under General Mihailovitch."

The European Service of the B.B.C. is fully informed on the situation in Jugoslavia and takes the greatest care in its broadcasts to keep a balance between reports of the activities of Mihailovitch and of the Partisans. We have never tried to "foster the illusion that Jugoslav resistance is united under Mihailovitch." We deeply regret the split in the anti-Nazi forces, and have repeatedly made appeals to both sides to cease their fratricidal strife and unite to defeat the common enemy. W. HORSFALL CARTER

European Publicity Officer, B.B.C.

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SUNDAY THEATRES

SIR,—Your excellent paper having devoted so much space to Mr. Arundell's lecture concerning the Sunday opening of theatres, bids me hope that you consider the subject of such importance that facts will be welcome. Here is one fact overlooked by Mr. Arundell. Our Government have stated that the theatre is "non-essential" work, and more, they have decided that it cannot be considered of vital importance or a part of the war effort. Are these people who clamour for the Sunday opening revolting against the Government? If so, why not be honest and say so. They base their present plea, the powers in favour of Sunday opening, upon the duty the theatrical profession owes to the munition workers and the services; by this do they suggest that our Government is deliberately allowing so large a body of the community to fail in their duty? They speak of public demand; obviously our Government cannot agree, or the situation would have been changed without all this clamour from the powers who want Sunday opening. The said "powers" may, of course, really mean that they wish to be recognised as a war service. If this is the case, why not say so, and why not ask the 130 M.P.s to make this the basis of their argument? If we were considered to be "essential" and a part of the national service, then we should obey whatever instructions were given to us with as much enthusiasm as any other service. In such an event I feel certain that ladies and gentlemen of the integrity of Mr. Hannen, Mr. Power, Mr. Banks, Miss Seyler, Miss Ashcroft and Miss Cadell and all the chorus girls of England would do as they were told cheerfully. Remembering that the same "powers" have been pushing along with their "open the theatres on Sunday" war cry since those peaceful days when the box office was not so easy, may I suggest that if at heart their first impulse remains a true one, a frank statement would bring many more supporters to discuss the matter on a commercial basis. If all other non-essential workers were to demand the right to work on Sunday the Government would have little time to run the war, so can't we stop this waste of time now? Let the entire "profession" meet and find out what it is the "powers" really want. If they wish to be accepted as essential workers for the war effort they will have a united backing, I'm sure; if they want a privilege for commercial reasons, then they must expect the natural opposition. Personally I have made no decision on this matter and feel I cannot do so until the questions I have put are answered. There are others like me, and I rather guess that there are Members of Parliament who will feel the same.

2d Wimpole Street, W.1. REGINALD LONG

ELECTRICITY IN THE HIGHLANDS

SIR,—It is a depressing fact that your correspondents all relegate to a very minor position in their arguments the question of the beauty of the Highland scenery, either minimising the potential damage in the case of the supporters, or, in the case of the critics, apologetically putting forward as an addendum to economic arguments a plea for what is so unpleasantly labelled "amenity." But this factor of national beauty is surely the crux of the whole problem, the main reason for opposition? It is hardly necessary to comment on the aesthetic value of the region affected, but it cannot be too strongly emphasised that what is threatened is one of the great assets of our community, an asset not in terms of mere money-making but in those values which are the proud possession of a people truly civilised.

In the last twenty-five years the scenery of these islands has been ravished and vandalised to an incredible extent, whilst wartime development must have added greatly to the spoliation. Public awareness of this process had grown increasingly before the war, resulting in a limited amount of half-hearted legislation, but with the establishment of a Ministry of Town and Country Planning and with so much talk of a rational plan, there has been hope that the same process would not be allowed to repeat itself after this war. Yet here already we are back at the old struggle of slowly roused public opinion to preserve what still remains to be saved. It is not a hopeful omen for post-war development.

The devastation of so much beauty might be accepted with regretful equanimity if it had been proved to the hilt that the proposed development was the only possible way to save the Highland people from decay and stagnation and that every care was to be taken to minimise the inevitable damage. It appears, however, from views expressed on this and on earlier schemes that there are many experts who doubt even the economic value of the proposals, that it is far from certain that they would achieve their declared object, and there is much less than doubt that little regard would be paid to questions of so-called "amenity." Alternative schemes based on the tourist and small industries, interfering hardly at all with scenic beauty, have been advocated too often for me to repeat here, but surely some such scheme should be tried first?

Or is it that our nation is already so uncivilised that we no longer attach value to the beauty of our land? In this case, let us at least be logical; let us also abandon our picture galleries, our treasured buildings and all our other national assets of so little economic but so great a spiritual value! Personally I prefer to be one of the "cranks" whom Robert Boothby so derides and I think I err in good company.

W. S. TYSOE

IGNORANT INTERVIEWERS

SIR,—I would like to say a word in reply to Miss Iles on behalf of my fellow Ishmaels in the Ministry of Labour, against whom is raised the hand of every man.

Day after day we have before us women who are convinced that, like ITMA's Mrs. Mopp, we are going to "do you now."

The cold truth is that many of our 54 or so weekly working hours are spent in trying to find suitable and congenial work for women who admittedly, or only in their own opinion, have qualifications above the average. These, however valuable in a world at peace, have unfortunately little place in total war, and our first consideration must necessarily be to forward the war effort.

As for training schemes, they are too numerous to mention, and though we are instructed to bring them to the attention of those we interview it is seldom indeed that any avail themselves of any such opportunity.

IGNORANT (?) INTERVIEWER

UNIFORMED BULLYING

SIR,—Mr. Naylor's experience is not unique. Colonel Blimp gives the attention worthy of a Sherlock Holmes to lesser subjects than conversation in public.

A few months back I was travelling in a remote part of Wales. On entering a railway compartment I asked a young officer whether I was on the right train. I settled down in the seat opposite him, after having opened the window slightly. Shortly afterwards he abruptly pulled out his registration card and requested me to produce mine. Our two fellow travellers, sensing trouble, left the compartment hurriedly. Having satisfied himself of my credentials, he told me, in response to my inquiry, that his suspicion had first been aroused by my foreign intonation. But it was the fact that I only opened the window a couple of inches which, in his opinion, had rendered it necessary to ascertain whether he was facing one of Hitler's minions. No Englishman, he firmly asserted, would ever fix a railway window strap in its first hole. Only foreigners (and even in their case, seemingly, only dangerous ones) would do so. The alleged idiosyncratic aversion to first strap-holes on the part of forty million people he was unable to explain.

F. GRAUCOB

Manor House,
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

In his *Life of George Moore*, Mr. Joseph Hone painted an unforgettable portrait, but several causes have combined to make his *W. B. Yeats, 1865–1939* (Macmillan 25s.) less brilliant. Whereas in much of his best work Moore was occupied with projecting a vivid *persona*, Yeats indulged a similar Anglo-Irish taste for self-dramatisation less recklessly and less persistently. Moreover, Mr. Hone has evidently felt unable to write of him with the same freedom as of Moore: not only has Yeats left a widow and children, but he is a great national figure. Therefore, while Mr. Hone's biography is informative and consistently intelligent, I recommend strongly *The Development of William Butler Yeats*, by V. K. Narayana Menon (Oliver and Boyd, 8s. 6d.), which contains criticism more explicit than Mr. Hone has allowed himself. Another penetrating book is Mr. Louis MacNeice's *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats* (Oxford Press). None of these writers, however, attempts to express fully the greatness of the man. Besides being one of the supreme poets of the English tongue, Yeats towered by the force and distinction of his personality. It is only after insisting on this that one presumes to examine certain failings that were probably inseparable from his genius.

Very few poets have written so much excellent verse as Yeats, and he is almost alone in having written more powerfully in his sixties than when he was young. He began with the advantage of a cultivated home—his father, a remarkable and intelligent man, had married into the spirited family of Pollexfen—but he was an unhappy boy and his education was sketchy. He was launched into the aesthetic London of the 'Eighties without having developed intellectual muscles at a university; and though native fastidiousness preserved him from the crapulous habits to which some of his *Yellow Book* friends were addicted, he fell an easy prey to theosophy, and to a Mr. MacGregor Mathers who had founded an Order of the Golden Dawn. At the age of 23 he fell in love with the beauty of Miss Maud Gonne, who, in the intervals of planning bomb outrages, had "passed four initiations and learned several Hebrew words." One of his uncles was an astrologer, Yeats himself "made a water-invocation and his cousin saw mermaids in the night. The maid gave notice." It was all rather distracting. "The trouble," he wrote to Lady Gregory, "is that my Cabalists are hopelessly unbusinesslike, and their minutes and the like are in complete confusion." Yet this sort of thing never lost its charm. In 1913 he went to France to see a priest (condemned by his Bishop) whose oleographs of the Sacred Heart were in the habit of bleeding; and the lady he married in 1917 was a medium. In the nineteen-twenties the poet continued to be besieged by supernatural whistlings and smells, bad as well as good.

It is no new thing for a poet to have a silly side—Coleridge and Swinburne said some wonderfully foolish things. A great artist may be unable to distinguish between the realms of imagination and of reason; but if we, who have not the excuse of genius, fail to make this distinction, we shall either succumb to bosh or, no less contemptibly, become unreceptive to poetry. Yeats was not at all a stupid man, but as other poets have intoxicated themselves with alcohol or laudanum or venal love, he had recourse to "Sephiroth Tippereth" and the trivialities of occultism. When he wrote, of the Irish Nationalists, "Unscrupulous they certainly were, for they had grown up amid make-believe," he indicated a part of himself. Here is Mr. Hone's verdict:

> Nobody ever felt certain about Yeats' faith in the occult. Did he really believe, or was it just a playing with fantastic images? The dull-witted were troubled by doubts, and forgot that even to be certain that magic is magic deprives it of all mysteriousness. Yeats felt mystery as a prime necessity of his soul. His poetic genius halted half-way between faith and smile, so as to preserve the sibylline quality of his own experience.

I have dwelt upon this disconcerting streak because it explains and palliates a graver aberration. The victim of rosicrucian cheap-jacks became in later life an intimate of Mr. Ezra Pound, the spook-fancier swallowed the claptrap of Fascism. Only a simpleton would expect to find his own political opinions shared by all the authors he admires, and there is nothing odd in a poet hating industrial democracy, with its paraphernalia of picture-papers, bungalows and crooners. But I think an artist must be a knave or a fool if he accepts a doctrine so hostile as Fascism to art, to truth, and to common humanity. Yeats dreamt of an "aristocratic civilisation in its completed form, every detail of life hierarchical, every great man's door crowded at dawn by petitioners, great wealth everywhere in few men's hands, all dependent upon a few, up to the Emperor himself who is a God dependent upon a greater God. and everywhere in Court, in the family, an inequality made law."

At least what Yeats admired was not actual Fascism—gangster terrorism qualified by demagogy, but a Fascism of his own invention, an idealised Feudal system. Even this is not very creditable to his heart; and it is most discreditable to his brain. He simply did not trouble himself with the facts; he was a subjectivist, and Fascism, like everything else, must be as his imagination painted it. So he jabbered about Hegel and the preposterous Spengler to the uncomprehending Irish leader, General O'Duffy, and promised to write marching songs for his Fascist followers.

Yeats had suffered much from the follies of the populace. He had heard Abbey Theatre audiences barrack *The Playboy*. Irish ears were too pure to endure the word "shift"; he had seen the contemptuous rejection of the Lane pictures, he had seen the Black and Tan atrocities, the burning of elegant country houses, and later the extravagances of a puritan censorship. (Against both the censorship and the abolition of divorce he spoke with courage in the Senate.) After dabbling in revolutionary nationalism, at the skirts of Miss Gonne, he had rallied to his Ascendancy forbears: in his later poems the heroes are not Cuchulain and Forgael but Swift and Berkeley and Burke. In both phases he was constant to one hatred, the hatred of the Greek virtue of *sophrosyne*, or, as he preferred to call it, Whiggery:

A levelling, rational sort of mind
That never looked out of the eye of a saint
Or out of drunkard's eye.

Locke and Hume were the enemy. So was Mr. Shaw: "He is a logician, and a logician is a fool, when life, which is a thing of emotion, is in question; it is as if a watch were to try to understand a bullock." Mr. Shaw was too polite to make the obvious retort: "When clear thinking is in question, it is as if a bullock were to try to understand a watch." Even his devotion to Berkeley came largely from a misunderstanding—he fancied that the Bishop had discredited natural science, and made reality subservient to desire. Here is a good diagnosis by Mr. Hone:

> After poetry he loved heresy and dissension best. . . . Yeats' mysticism like that of Blake, is a kind of revolt against natural religion, and perhaps the words "good" and "evil" meant as little to his imagination as to that of any artist in history . . . If they meant anything, "good" must have meant "holy dread" in Coleridge's sense, the unknown force, "the uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor," "evil"—dullness, generalised thought.

To lack a sense of good is also, I suggest, to lack good sense. J. B. Yeats said that his son became a poet because he had "convictions that could best be expressed in verse, i.e., convictions that were desires, and such as could never be imprisoned in opinions." Unluckily this disability did not prevent him from being uncommonly opinionated, and his opinions were such as to encourage the romantic and vulgar error that the poet is the reverse of the reasonable man. He said of himself: "My character is so little myself that all my life it has thwarted me. It has affected my poems, my true self, no more than the character of a dancer affects the movements of a dance." If one replaces "character" by "judgment," this confession resumes the unhappy case. The critic cannot disregard the vagaries of Yeats's intellect, but it is more important to remember the charm, courtesy and disinterestedness of the man, above all to venerate the poet.

Mr. Menon and Mr. MacNeice are such perceptive scholiasts that I can presume to add little to their comments. I think, however, that the diction of the later poems would repay more elaborate study. Yeats was un-English not only in the accentuation of his lines but in his choice of words; and in these later poems he uses with extraordinary skill a combination of meaty peasant words and of the classical polysyllables that flatter the Irish appetite for grandiloquence. On the one hand we have "pot-bellied," "jack-ass," "topers," "trundle," "crack-pated" and "taws"; on the other, "cognomen," "coagulate," "figurative," "ignominy," "necessitous," and "voluble." Let me quote a few characteristic lines:

The daily spite of this unmannerly town.

Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement.

The fascination of what's difficult.

What shall I do with this absurdity—
O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tied to me
As to a dog's tail.

Lady Gregory and Synge had shown the poet the raciness of country words, Berkeley and Burke the resonance of the Palladian style: it was from prose that Yeats learnt to perfect his poetic diction.

Next look at the use to which he put his credulity:

Good fellows shuffled cards in an old bawn;
And when that ancient ruffian's turn was on
He so bewitched the cards under his thumb
That all, but the one card, became
A pack of hounds and not a pack of cards,
And that he changed into a hare.

Recounted in prose as a remarkable fact, this fable would be tiresome; but our imagination delights in what our reason rejects. Unluckily, Yeats liked to persuade himself that an image was objectively true, before he precipitated it in poetry. But any explanation will be too simple that does not allow for his having been, like many of the greatest imaginative artists, very ill integrated. He described how his poems originated in soliloquies:

> I speak in my own person and dramatise myself, very much as I have seen a mad old woman do upon the Dublin quays, and sometimes detect myself speaking and moving as if I were still young, or walking perhaps like an old man with fumbling steps . . . I do not think of my soliloquies having different literary qualities. They stir my interest by their appropriateness to the men [*sic*] I imagine myself to be . . .

Finally, let me quote *Leda and the Swan*:

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

Remark the consummate art with which the repetition of the word "breast" paints the beating of the wings, while "love's quick pants" are conveyed by the cumulation of aspirates.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

The substitution of abstract for concrete terms, "glory" and "rush," reminds us that Yeats studied the French Symbolists with Arthur Symons: these lines are closer to the early Mallarmé than anything else in our tongue.

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.
Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

The begetting of Helen is here foreshortened, so to speak, with a force and beauty of wit worthy of the greatest Metaphysical; and the final line has a movement precisely expressive of lassitude. The penultimate line is opaque, and alone hints at the political notion which, Mr. Hone tells us, was behind the poem :

> After the individualistic, demagogic movement, founded by Hobbes and popularised by the Encyclopaedists and the French Revolution, we have a soil so exhausted that we cannot grow that crop again for centuries . . . Nothing is now possible but some movement or birth from above.

Because a Fascist notion (enriched by Vico) launched one of the most expressive poems ever written in English, are we to conclude that Fascism is intellectually defensible ? It is better to remember that Ben Jonson made from disbelief in alchemy poetry as rich as Yeats ever made from belief in it. Yeats was generalising from a defect in himself when he assumed that the realms of imagination and of reason must necessarily be at war. Raymond Mortimer

A GREAT FRENCH DEMOCRAT

Jean Jaurès : His Life and Work. By J. Hampden Jackson. *George Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The memory of Jaurès, Mr. Hampden Jackson remarks, has not so far been "translated into a legend, as Lenin's was and Masaryk's." That may be because none of the conflicts of which his death was the symbol has so far been resolved in France. But his death itself may well go down in history as a legendary portent of France's subsequent disasters. The daily copy of *L'Humanité* which the village postman brought on August 1st, 1914, looked ominously unfamiliar with its deep black mourning edges : Jaurès had been murdered the night before. The sense of personal loss felt by my parents, their passionate comments on the significance of the tragedy, made a deep and lasting impression on my schoolboy mind. So did the angry gesture of the argumentative postman who, like many, thought Jaurès was a pacifist traitor. I had a glimpse into the depth of political differences which divided our quiet countryside ; the conversations of grown ups unfolded the gloomy prospects of a world from which joy and confidence had gone because a madman's symbolic, execrable gesture, prompted by Maurras and others, had removed the one man who might still have averted war—had, so it seemed then, unleashed the forces of reaction. Later, through the crises of the war and the troubled years of peace, how often the words "If Jaurès had lived . . ." rang in my years. They echo like a *Leitmotiv* in Mr. Hampden Jackson's Epilogue ; already they are part of the legend.

His life of Jaurès, the first to be published in English, is timely and well-designed to stimulate reflection on the significance of the greatest French Socialist and on the actuality of his political thinking. A book which will focus attention on some of the healthiest values in life and thought under the much abused Third Republic is to be welcomed at a time when the nature of France's long-standing political divisions and of the contribution she can make to the planning of peace when she finds her true leaders, is not generally understood in this country ; at a time when unscrupulous propagandists and literary profiteers are libelling her with impunity.

Any biography of Jaurès is necessarily a history of his thought and work. While wisely resisting the temptation "to write nothing less than a history of the Third Republic and of the Second Workers' International," Mr. Hampden Jackson has closely related the development of Jaurès's genius to the background of French life and of the International and a remarkably wholesome background it is. The biographer is to be congratulated on his success in dealing sympathetically and very fully with some of the most inaccessibly French aspects of his subject, above all the character and education of Jaurès. No man was more typically French, and less like the popular idea of a French politician, than this prototype of the professor in politics, this *paysan cultivé* as he called himself. His emotional life was "normal and satisfactory, meaning that marriage and parenthood did not hamper his work but matured him." To write his life is to retrace the development of his mind. And yet he was no book-worm isolated from the real world of men ; he remained close to the earth, to the workmen of his native district of Tarn. The young professor who wrote a doctorate thesis entitled *De la Réalité du Monde Sensible,* the statesman who, describing in 1910 democracy's new armed forces as he conceived them, recommended defence in depth, "aviation centres," civil defence corps and women's auxiliary forces, was a perfectly balanced personality, fully integrated in the environment from which he sprang and to which he generously returned life-giving thought and action.

Like many who have come to politics through teaching, he kept his belief in progress at a time when the apostle of violence, Georges Sorel, attempted to demonstrate that the very idea of progress was but an illusion ; he never succumbed to the fatal temptation of would-be dictators, contempt for their fellow-men. His mind was one of those which could have launched democracy forwards into new paths out of the blind alleys where it often wanders. For he could always create a living synthesis of what seemed irreconcilable opposites. "In all essential problems," wrote Blum in 1917, "his genius manifested itself in conciliating, in fusing into one living entity, notions, systems, methods of action that seemed opposed to each other, and that, in point of fact, had before him been contradictory." Most striking and most characteristic of all is his synthesis of patriotism and internationalism at a time when some pseudo-marxists asserted that the workers have no country. These prophetic words were written in 1901 :

> Nations, when they have been fashioned by a long process of history, when history has created within a large group of people similarities of psychology and harmonies of thought, are organic unities ; and some of the characteristics of the nation are so deeply imprinted upon individuals that the destruction of the nation would be the destruction of individualism. If France were to be violated to-morrow and arrested in her development ; if she were no longer to be able to give expression to the inherent nature of her genius . . . then there would not only be the oppression or dispersion of a great collective existence, there would be a diminution of vitality, a psychological impoverishment, an intellectual decline and an organic suffering in individuals—in all the individuals who participated in that collective existence and who found in it the substance and exaltation of their lives. And the French working class would suffer just as cruelly, just as deeply as every other class. It would even lose more than any other class, for it would lose a decisive means of emancipation. . . . If the workers have no country, as the Communist Manifesto summarily asserts, then the workers have no share in humanity."

This, and many other quotations from Jaurès, in translations which rarely fail to do justice to his magnificent prose, gives the measure of the broad sweep of a political thought embracing in one grasp all that is vital, enriching and ennobling in the national heritage of France as well as the need for change and the people's call for a better and more just society. The book shows the patient labour of the statesman to secure peace through international socialist unity, his successful struggle for the unity of all French socialists. Neither of the two edifices which he strove to build survived him ; and the tragedy of his death is symbolic of the tragedy of French democracy which, supported by his vigorous mind, was, for the first time in its history, emerging with real strength from forty years of uninterrupted internal and external peace. Only in such a period of peace and internal stability could the vision of a great democratic statesman ripen and could a political philosophy of freedom and evolution similar to the great English traditions take substance and be explained to the masses. Had he stressed this Mr. Hampden Jackson might have avoided the objection of having attributed exaggerated importance to one man. Yet he is right to conclude that "no legend but that of Jaurès can be potent for the reconstruction of France, which must be the key to reconstruction for Europe as a whole" ; no statesman has so totally expressed the French masses' aspiration towards the fullness of human life.

Jérôme Jenatton

EXPLORERS

African Discovery. An Anthology of Exploration. By Margery Perham and J. Simmon. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Victorian-born generation will remember digging for reading matter when Stevenson and Henty were exhausted, and finding in the remoter bookshelves the great African explorers : Bruce, Clapperton, David Livingstone. I recall pulling out Mungo Park—a fine pugnacious adventuring name, to my childish ear, and finding him too stiff, at that age. Latterly those books may have found their way to the second-hand shop, just as "Discovering the Source of the Nile" has vanished from the repertory of holiday games. They have regained the freshness of unfamiliarity, and Miss Perham and Mr. Simmons have judged well in making this book. Its title describes it exactly; it is an anthology of extracts from the main British records, with succinct annotations to make them intelligible. Presented thus, they are readable in the extreme, both for their subject-matter and for the characters of their authors, vividly revealed by men who were not, except Burton and Stanley, professional writers.

There are ten of them : Bruce of Abyssinia ; Mungo Park, Clapperton, Lander, Baikie, all four explorers of the Niger ; Burton, Speke, Livingstone, Baker and Stanley, travellers in East and Central Africa. Professor Joad once madly committed himself, on the Brains Trust, to the opinion that the Scottish nation had contributed little to the foundation of the British Empire, even in exploration. What about Livingstone ? I would recommend to the Professor's notice the fact that five out of these ten—and by far the greatest one—were Scots. It may be thought more remarkable that so large a proportion of the early Europeans to penetrate the mysteries of Africa were British. But if one observes their antecedents as sailors, soldiers serving in India, missionaries, one realises that they were by-products of an age of human export ; it was as natural to find Britons of the nineteenth century in Africa as it was to find Spaniards of the sixteenth in America. The explorer's vocation, of course, is a special thing ; the thing these men had in common. They were courageous—but so are most people, as we have ill reason to know. They were curious, but so are scientists, whose daily walk to a laboratory may seem too far. They had a different nature ; the wandering foot, the unappeasable craving to see around the next corner, over the next crest, which drives the traveller born. Livingstone was their type ; he who, sick and destitute, refused to return with Stanley to the coast. He knew that the refusal was final ; he was powerless in the grip of the obsession, to reach the source of the Nile, his task, as he thought of it sometimes ; at other times, as his diary shows, just to go on, till death, that travelled a march behind, should catch up with him.

Livingstone towers above this very considerable company. It is not easy to define why. His writing in the journals is plain to dryness. He has no charm, and is indeed terrifying in the ruthlessness in which he pursued his object, and which he himself admits with shame. Other missionaries have served God as faithfully, and loved humanity as well. It may be his extraordinary honesty, wedded to the statesmanship which planned not only the abolition of the slave-trade, but a happier future for the Africans : it may be the regard which to the end saw every man truly as a person, not as a type or a race. There is all that, but it does not in itself constitute greatness, and no one can read his writing without knowing that this was a great man. Stanley felt it, and his skin was thick enough. The passages where he shows his reverence and love for Livingstone redeem his usual assurance, and render him momentarily likeable. Next to Livingstone, in my estimation, comes Bruce. Partly because he writes excellently well, in the easy graphic prose of his date (he is the only definitely eighteenth-century member of this volume). Partly because he is a man with whom one would love to travel. He preserves his own standards—the cruelty of the Abyssinian warfare sickens him—but he does not expect isolated African communities to share European habits, as some travellers do even to-day, and he is entirely free from race snobbery. It does not enter his head that he should not regard himself as a guest of the Ethiopians, and there is not even any deliberate thought in his acceptance of their customs. He prostrates himself before the king as is fitting, stands his long and weary watch as a chamberlain when he is appointed to office, and in consequence wins a liking which allows him much closer insight and much more liberty than any assumption of superiority could have gained. He was given every facility to visit the source of the Blue Nile, and indeed only found difficulty in gaining permission to leave the country. When his patron was defeated in civil war and he met the queen, his friend, in exile, he recorded the meeting as "one of the happiest moments of my life." This capacity for liking people, and his natural proper behaviour, are in sharp contrast to Burton's constant sneer, and in utter opposition to the ill-breeding of Speke.

> Now I have made up my mind never to sit upon the ground as the Arabs and natives are obliged to do, nor to make my obeisance in any other manner than is customary in England . . . I felt that if I did not stand up for my social position at once, I should be treated with contempt during the remainder of my visit, and thus lose the vantage-ground I had assumed of appearing rather as a prince than as a trader, for the purpose of better gaining the confidence of the king.

It is clear, through all the conceit of the narrative, that this nonsensical pretentiousness earned the dislike it invited. But how typical it is of the sort of English traveller who has made the whole nation unpopular abroad. The extracts in this book indicate the real cause of the deadly quarrel between Burton and Speke, which poisoned their expeditions and embittered the discovery of Lake Tanganyika and of the source of the White Nile. It was not only that they were both sick men. They were incompatibles through likeness, both masterful, both ambitious. From that likeness grew their hateful jealousy, so that Burton could not even credit Speke's claim (right, as it happened) to have reached the source of the Nile in Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The art of anthropology was unknown in those days, and in any case travellers were still at the stage of discovering places, rather than of describing people. But the men who undertook the explorations were intelligent and accurate observers and these short passages indicate the anthropological interest of the whole books. Bruce and Livingstone are the most valuable because they record conversations verbatim, like Livingstone's with a medicine-man. Clapperton's description of Kano is as vivid as a Benozzo Gozzoli; and horrid as Burton's style may be, his tushery conveys plenty of sharp detail. The illustrations, reproduced from the original books, are good, one in particular, "Musicians of the Western Sudan," has a delightful balletesque movement. The maps are just what one wants. It is long since I have felt such gratitude to scholarship as I do to the compilers of this book. FREDA WHITE

WRONG FROM THE START

Something Went Wrong. By LEWIS BROWNE. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

It would have been a pleasure to be able to review this book favourably, for Mr. Browne's main thesis, namely, that the contradictions of capitalism in a machine age have led to disaster, is one that commends itself. Unfortunately, Mr. Browne is so ignorant of his facts, so slapdash in his methods, and so journalistic, in the worst sense, in his treatment of his subject, that his book can be recommended to nobody. Those who know any history will be made angry by it; those who do not will be misinformed.

The opening chapter may serve as a sample. Mr. Browne chooses March 8th, 1776, as the date for the start of the industrial revolution exemplified by Watt's engine. But nothing happened to the engine in 1776. Watt's first patent was taken out in 1768–9; in 1775 it was renewed, and his second important patent taken out in 1781–2. But Mr. Browne, an American, wants a date to coincide with the Declaration of Independence: therefore 1776 it has to be, and the installation of one of Watt's engines in one place turned into a major historical event.

This might be called mere journalistic colour or touching-up, even though it comes perilously close to actual falsification. But there are plenty of examples of plain misstatements. To take only a random handful: Mr. Browne thinks that until the late eighteenth century English agricultural life had gone on unchanged for a thousand years—one wonders what More would have said to this. He thinks that the small tenants evicted during the enclosures "most commonly" went to America. He believes that Keats wrote radical poetry, that the radical journalists of the early nineteenth century were mostly read in drawing rooms, and quotes Browning's *Pippa Passes* as a serious expression of that poet's attitude towards Victorian industrialism. He indicates—not having, it would seem, heard of Wesley—that the revival of religion began with Wilberforce, that gin-drinking in England was a product of the industrial revolution, that the Whigs before 1832 were campaigning against the Corn Laws, that Bismarck initiated the Zollverein, that the People's Charter was invented by O'Connor in 1847, and that the only Socialist parties in Russia before the Revolution were the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks; of the S.R.'s he knows nothing. Perhaps his finest howler, on which he bases some pages of argument, is this: "When in 1847" (he means 1867) "the enfranchised rabble got its first real chance to vote at the polls, the Tories carried the elections overwhelmingly"! When he quotes statistics—for which he never gives any sources—he gets them wrong, either through carelessness or through ignorance, as when he states that British export trade doubled between 1850 and 1855, being unaware that changes in the basis of calculation between those dates make all comparisons impossible. Further, he throws in at intervals little titbits of his own; for example, that in the days of Julius Caesar the cost of killing a man was 75 cents—who told him that?—or that "an *accounting* made in 1930 revealed that every human being on earth had been invested with the power of 400 slaves," or that in 1835, after the collapse of Owenism, there were 500 consumers' co-operative societies—there may have been as many as half a dozen.

Mr. Browne presents his material in so muddled a fashion, with such a sublime mingling of periods and such an economy of dates, that when he says "at this time" or "a contemporary publication" it is next to impossible to determine what the "time" in question is. In one passage he writes of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill as though they were contemporaries; he does not distinguish between the countryside before and after the 1834 Poor Law—indeed, I do not believe he has ever heard of the latter; and his language is colourful journalese containing the minimum of precision. He likes to write sentences like this:

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"In such countries [Austria, Hungary, etc.] the Black Life—he means modern industrialism—was impossible, for they were still swaddled in the cerements of the Black Death." What that is supposed to convey I do not know; there has been no previous mention of the Black Death. But I observe that 16 pages later Vienna is described as "a newly-blackened town"—this in 1848!

It would be tedious to continue a catalogue of errors which could go on indefinitely. It is clear, however, that Mr. Lewis Browne literally does not know what he is talking about, and his ignorance makes the larger generalisations in his book as unreliable as the minor statements of fact. Maybe it does not greatly matter that another ignorant American journalist should have written another very bad book. It does matter, however, that publishers of repute should push this sort of stuff off on their public. Mr. Gollancz has made of *Something Went Wrong* a Left Book Club choice, and therefore may be presumed to have given it his special cachet. Could he not, if he wanted a book of this kind, have found someone who did know some history to write it? The attempt to make "good propaganda" out of false history is a dangerous one—and a mistake that Marx never made.

MARGARET COLE

THE SECOND-BEST BOOKS

Belford Regis. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. (Live Books Resurrected. Edited by STANLEY JAST. *Werner Laurie.* *7s. 6d.*)

While we queue at the library for the classics here is one of the curiosities of literature to pass the time away. It is the first of a series of reprints, issued under the oddly evangelical title of Live Books Resurrected. Mr. Stanley Jast, an experienced Manchester librarian, sets out to rescue books of intrinsic value and readability which have long gone out of print. One might call it a collection of the second-best books. The choice of the first few titles is early or mid-Victorian; Miss Mitford's account of Reading was written after *Our Village*, in 1835. But has the war made a retreat to the poorer standards of popular Victorian book production inevitable? *Belford Regis* looks as if it belonged to a stolid collection on mechanics for the home; and as a piece of production it is not a patch on Everyman or the World's Classics at half the price. On the other hand the format is larger, the book is light to hold and the page and print are more spacious—which are considerations when one has to read soggy wartime paper.

Belford Regis is, of course, a plum. After *Our Village* Miss Mitford turned her sharp, spinster eye upon a larger victim. The county borough did not offer quite the same neat completeness as the parish had done. She was an artist in morsels, and Reading was a mouthful. Half the things which make the life of a provincial town: its local government, its pubs, its elections she shrank from; and writing of the town in 1835 as she remembered it 29 years before, she was aware that she had grown up into an age whose self-importance was little to her taste. By 1835 reform had either arrived or was well on the way. It had taken more than 20 years for the new order to assert itself after the reaction following the Napoleonic Wars—a fact worth noting—and when this new order came, Miss Mitford was 44, and found it consequent and dull:

> Belford is 30 years older since the joyous Christmas holidays which have left so pleasant an impression on my memory, and more than 30 years larger, since it has increased and multiplied, not after the staid and sober fashion of an English country town, but in the ratio of an American city—Cincinnatti, for instance, or any other settlement in the West, which was the wilderness yesterday and starts into a metropolis to-morrow. Moreover I doubt if the habits of the middle ranks in England be as sociable now as they were then. The manners immortalised by Miss Austen are rapidly passing away. There is more of finery, more of literature, more of accomplishment; and, above all, more of pretension, than there used to be. Scandal vanished with the tea table; gossiping is out of fashion; jokes are gone by; conversation is critical, analytical, political, anything but personal. The world is a wise world, and a learned world, and a scientific world. . . .

To an older taste, utilitarianism seemed of all beliefs the one least likely to make a man take pleasure in life. Miss Mitford was in her early forties when she wrote these words, but all we know of the times suggests her impression was correct. Pretension *had* begun; pretension always does begin when new classes and new philosophies take power—one sees this in the totally different world of Balzac—but what seems like pretension to Miss Mitford and may seem so to ourselves, is also the rhodomontade of a new vitality in social life.

In her own way Miss Mitford is the first of the English documentary writers and one or two chapters in *Belford Regis* are almost scripts for M.O.I. films. The story of William and Hannah, whose lives were saved from ruin by the introduction of allotments which kept William out of the pub in the evenings, is the perfect document. I must confess I prefer her in less uplifting moods. Miss Mitford was a cat, a delightful cat. Her "honest" tradesmen are very worthy: her radical butchers, her grocers going up in the world and clerks cutting a figure are sound and solid; they have ascended to that "tableland of gentility" which she liked because it was broad and safe enough for everyone; but she is far better when she gets her claws into the hand-embroidery of provincial snobberies, when she is teasing "the paradise of ill-jointured widows and portionless old maids." One does not want to make her seem too feline; but, like the colonel's punch, her manner may be called "sweet and spirited, with a little acid and not too much water." There are matters like the life of the genial rector who, convinced by careful observation of the delight of female company, took four wives (one after another, of course) from the age of 57 onwards: "a super excellent husband especially in the main article of giving his wives their own way." One sees his bachelor parties in which, unquestionably, he must have been carrying on quiet research into the art of choosing wives for the middle years of life:

> He became a collector of shells and china, and a fancier of tulips; and when he visited the coterie of Belford ladies to partake of a syllabub, astonished them by the performance of a piping bullfinch of his own teaching, who executed the Blue Bells of Scotland in a manner not to be surpassed by the barrel-organ, by means of which this accomplished bird had been instructed.

The pastrycook, the émigré priest, the failed artist, the farmers, the feckless families, the county families and the towns in their mild guerrilla skirmishes at balls and at tea, are all presented in engaging biography. Miss Mitford detached her provincials from the burning questions of the day, which she so much disliked, and considered people's foibles and habits, not their public protestations. One can see that Dr. Mitford himself, spendthrift and eccentric, voracious but irresistible in his demands on a daughter's patience, must have been a far greater problem for her than the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, and the Reform all put together; and in devoting her life to his trumpet solo she illustrated an important truth: a strong private problem is a raft that keeps us afloat, as one wave of history after another tries to drown us.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Week-end Competitions

No. 680

et by Audrey Hilton

There is a parlour game in which chosen characters e likened to objects which seem to match their rsonalities. Thus Mrs. Roosevelt might become calceolaria, Mr. Ernest Thesiger a Queen Anne cretaire, and Miss Mae West the Woking Mosque. ompetitors are asked to produce a list comparing t more than six of the following to flowers, pieces furniture, eatables, or well-known buildings: r. Churchill, Stalin, Sir Stafford Cripps, Lady stor, Jennie Lee, Dr. Joad, Ernest Bevin, Anthony den, Jeannette Macdonald, Edith Evans, Margot onteyn, Yvonne Arnaud, Vic Oliver, Rebecca West, thel Mannin, Charles Morgan, Somerset Maugham, G. Wells, Hannen Swaffer and George Bernard haw.

ULES—

Envelopes should be marked with the number the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and ould be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great urnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor first post on Monday, February 22nd.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 677

et by Samuel Smiles

Competitors are invited to submit imaginary extracts (not more than 150 words) from Boswell's account of a discussion with Dr. Johnson about the Sunday opening of theatres.

eport by Samuel Smiles

Competitors were about equally divided in their timate of Dr. Johnson's opinion, and some made him gue on both sides. Mrs. Piozzi records him saying: While half the Christian world is permitted to sing d dance and celebrate Sunday as a day of festivity, w comes your puritanical spirit so offended with ivolous and empty deviations from exactness?" e deplored legal consultation on Sunday, but did not ink it criminal. Of one thing I am confident: he ould have based his decision on his view of the public dvantage, and made short work of the scruples leged by some players, who read newspapers produced on Sundays, travel on Sundays and employ ddies on Sundays. I wish some competitors had ferred to the distinguished but ingenuous actress ho attributed the superiority of English acting to unday closing! G.W. had a good entry:

BOSWELL: But if the characters represented are virtuous, and the sentiments noble and religious—if for instance, your tragedy of Irene were exhibited—

JOHNSON (interrupting): Depend upon it, sir; if Irene were acted upon Easter Day, they would be cockfighting by Michaelmas.

Among other good entries were those of E. W. Fordham, W. Bernard Craig, G. S. Blundell, Hugo Cole, W. A., John W. Tasker, G. Sewell, Ruband Smith, B. I. W., and D. W. Barker. I recommend that the prize money be divided equally between D. M. Low, Allan M. Laing, F. C. C., and William Bliss.

PRIZES

. . . Meanwhile I sought to palliate this momentous proposal to the Great Moralist by suggesting that the plays should present only characters of an edifying complexion.

JOHNSON: 'Tis no matter, sir. Depend on't, when Jack goes to see a pretty actress, 'tis all one whether she play the saint or the whore. If we *must* have plays, let them be plays.

BOSWELL: But surely on Sundays the Commandments on which the people's religion . . .

JOHNSON: Pooh, sir, this grows tedious. When I learn that *you*, sir, keep the other commandments, I will hear you on this one. I know not by what law we can expect a soldier to die for us on Sunday and prevent his enjoying on the same day the polite amusements of the civilisation which he is defending.

BOSWELL: But it is not only the soldiers, Dr. Johnson.

JOHNSON (majestically): Enough, enough, sir. We are all soldiers nowadays. (D. M. LOW)

Often Dr. Johnson was provoked by another's pomposity into taking the wrong side in a dispute. To Garrick's approval of opening the playhouses on Sunday, a clergyman said: "Nay, sir, God is against it."

"Sir, this is being too confident," growled the Doctor. "A man may get more edification from a good play than a bad sermon. You are to consider, sir, that a bad play is howled down, but, because it is Sunday, sensible men are constrained to suffer intolerable tedium from the stammering futilities of fourth-rate text-manglers. I do not suggest, sir, that foolish clergy should be hissed from the pulpit, but a man should have the liberty to betake himself to more rational entertainment."

When I reproached him later with this opinion, he said, laughing: "You are right, but the dog provoked me. He talked like a bishop."

(ALLAN M. LAING)

We talked of a sermon recently preached by the Rev. Dr. Blowey against the opening of playhouses on a Sunday, where it was maintained that unless all Englishmen rallied in opposition, this country would rapidly become a second Gomorrah.

JOHNSON: Sir, I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.

BOSWELL: Are we to call it nothing, sir, where a whole nation is exhorted to break the fifth commandment?

JOHNSON: Sir, there is no question of breaking any commandment. This is not a nation of Hottentots. We know it is a Christian duty to attend divine worship at least once on every Sunday, and there's an end on't. No, sir, here is a question of the rational employment of a man's leisure, in order that he may obtain the highest degree of innocent refreshment, and for the majority of mankind there is, in time of war, but little hope of recreation save on a Sunday.

BOSWELL: But the players themselves, sir, what becomes of their hope of recreation if they are to entertain us upon every Sabbath day?

JOHNSON: Sir, this is but a piddling objection. I have yet to learn that a man cannot be idle with ease on any day of the week, and that with far less encouragement than is afforded by an Act of Parliament. Besides, I do not think so ill of those who have gladdened life in time of peace, as to believe that they will not stretch a point to gladden it now, when God knows there is often need enough.

I must own that I was not a little surprised to hear from him this eulogy of a profession of which I had often heard him speak in the past with contemptuous severity. (F. C. C.)

BOSWELL: . . . Then you think, sir, the law should be altered?

JOHNSON: No, sir! I think the law should never have been added to. "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day" is a law of God, and no State has power to add to it . . . As to how it should be kept holy is a matter for each Christian man's conscience.

BOSWELL: May not the Church . . .?

JOHNSON: Sir, the Church may exhort and admonish, but even the Church may not alter.

Upon this we had some discussion as to the Papists' strict rule of hearing Mass on Sundays, on which Dr. Johnson said that it was the way of the Papists, and perhaps a wise one, to recognise man's weaknesses, but that compulsory worship must always be less pleasing than voluntary. Towards the end of our talk I happened to say that it was surely illogical to ban theatres and not other entertainments.

JOHNSON: Sir, there is no sin in play acting—nor any logic in Puritans, but (he added playfully) if you are for chopping logic, Jamie, you should consider if it were not more logical to close theatres on Saturdays and let them open on Sundays. There might be more actors—and audience too—in Church on Sunday mornings if that were the rule. I doubt there are many now—unless they be Papists!

(WILLIAM BLISS)

Company Meeting

. W. WOOLWORTH & CO. LTD.

R. W. L. STEPHENSON ON POST-WAR PROBLEMS

A GRATIFYING RESULT.

The 34th Annual General Meeting of F. W. oolworth & Co., Limited, will be held on ebruary 19th, 1943, at the Connaught ooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, d the following are extracts from the tatement of the Chairman, Mr. W. L. tephenson, circulated to the Stockholders ith the Report and Accounts for the year ded December 31st, 1942:—

As foreshadowed in my statement last ear, your Company has operated under reatly increased difficulties. The further strictions on the manufacture of conumer goods, and the increasing and proper emands on both labour and materials for ar purposes, has quite naturally had its irect effect upon your business as well as n all other distributive trades.

Since war broke out we have lost no less han 28,583 members of the female staff in he United Kingdom, which means that only ome fifteen per cent. of our original female taff remain to guide and lead the very oung personnel which we have had to mploy to fill this enormous gap. Women re actually managing the majority of the tores. With regard to the male employees, e are left with very few, mostly in key ositions, and there are some 2,233 of our en serving with H.M. Forces. We owe a reat deal to our staff who have carried on he business so well, and I am sure that ou would wish me to express on your behalf to the whole of the staff high appreciation for the excellent job of work they have done.

RESULT OF OPERATIONS.

The net profit for the year's operations at £5,699,822 is £704,987 lower than in the previous year, and this is directly caused by reduced supplies of merchandise and continued reduction in selling space. After consideration of all the factors which have influenced the past year's trading, we can feel very gratified with the result obtained. The cash bonus of 3d. per unit has been omitted, with the result that we have been able to maintain our balance carried forward, and have added to it the small amount of £18,986.

The financial stability of your Company is of first consideration with your directors. Each year in the past we have substantially increased the balance carried forward, which annual increase could otherwise have been distributed in the form of dividends. Your directors' policy has, however, been to add to the liquid reserves of the Company, and in these very difficult times it is heartening to know that we shall have this accumulation of reserves available for post-war purposes. When that time comes, and we can hope that it is not so far distant now, it is reasonable to suppose that there will be great advances both in trading methods and in the type and character of the consumer goods manufactured in this country. It is to be expected that Industry, then released from its tense and highly geared wartime efforts, will have well prepared plans for peacetime production, in which the advantages of science, the treatment of materials and production methods will play their part. Your Company will need its carefully built-up reserves to recreate its distributive depots on the most modern lines, and to collaborate to the fullest extent with manufacturers in the production of newer and better goods, and to provide an improved service to your millions of customers.

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